THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 52. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MORRISON ON MACMAHON.

The Brilliant Irish-American Republican Takes to Task the Gallant Irish-American Democrat for a Recent Article in Donahoe's Magazine.

A Lively Letter On Past and Present Politics and Parties in this Free Country.

[To the Editor.]

The November Number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains an article by Gen. M. P. McMahon, which gives his reasons for being a Democrat. Permit me to make a few criticisms on said reasons. Passing over his introductory remarks, I come to the following:

"The Democratic party had always been, as I have said, the party trusting the people: the conservative party; the party that believed in constitutional methods. They were the conservative party in the beginning, as against the ultra-conservative Federalist party, and in 1861 they were still the conservative as against the ultra-radical party, the Abolitionists."

I fail to see anything very meritorious in either a man or a party in being merely conservative. The monarchists and aristocrats of the world always were and now are conservatives. The Irish Tories, Orangemen and West Britons always were and now are conservatives. George III, Pitt, North, Cornwallis, Burgoyne, the Hessian mercenaries and American Tories were conservatives. Benedict Arnold was a brave soldier until he bartered his soul for British gold, and then he, too, became conservative. It (the Democratic party) "believed in constitutional methods." Yes, when the entire Southern wing of the party, aided and abetted by the Northern copperheads, Knights of the Golden Circle anti-draft rioters, and all other "peace at any price" Democrats, were either openly in the field or traitorously conspiring against the government for the overthrow of the Union, they were still expressing their devotion to the constitution. "And they were still the conservative party against the ultra-radical party, the Abolitionists." Very true, and they proved their conservatism by destroying printing presses, rotten-egging speakers (like the glorious Wendell Phillips), breaking up public meetings, and destroying the sacred right of petition, and all in defence of the accursed system of human slavery. But "it has been conservative in maintaining the principles of liberty and eminently conservative for the rights of the States and the people." And yet, during its whole career, at least down to 1865, it maintained a system which sanctioned the purchase and sale of souls for which the dear Lord died on Calvary. It defended the right of slave owners to tear husband from wife, babe from mother, and brother from sister; it authorized brutal slave drivers to strip timid, screaming women and girls and lash them until the blood burst from their lacerated bodies, and disgraced American humanity by passing laws which compelled every man to lend his aid in recapturing fugitive slaves and returning them to the earthly hell of slavery. "Oh, liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name." Yes, it maintained the rights of the States against the government through four years of civil war, and compelled the Nation to rise in its own defense and trample the pestilent heresy out in blood.

If, as Gen. McMahon says, the majority of the fighting men for the Union were Democrats (and his bare unsupported assertion is very far from proving the statement), neither he nor any other man can deny that the entire rebel army and every rebel sympathizer North and South, were Democrats. Indeed, the gallant gentleman would never have worn his stars if his Democratic brethren had not given him an opportunity to win them. He certainly ought to be grateful to the men who made it possible for the plain Citizen McMahon to hand his name down to posterity as an able and distinguished Union general. When, however, the General goes so far as to say that there were whole regiments sent out in which there was not a man who ever voted the Republican ticket, he as usual asserts far more than he can prove, as I personally know many Republicans who served in New York Irish regiments, and nothing is better known in Chicago than the fact that the most distinguished officers of Mulligan's grand old Irish Brigade are Republicans today. If the General is a lawyer he knows that there is nothing more dangerous than an attempt to prove too much. But in asserting that the Democratic party has been eminently conservative for the rights of the people he probably did not mean to include the poor despised negro, but a glance back at history will show that he should not have included the people of his own race, as I suppose he is a decendant of the heroic Irish McMahons. Surely a man who undertakes (a pretty difficult task, by the way), the defense of the Democratic party, past and present, ought to know that Irish born men were never admitted to the full rights of American citizenship during the entire time of Democratic presidents from Jefferson to Buchanan. This is not a bare assertion like those the General makes. Here are the facts, and I invite the attention of all your Democratic readers to them and ask any of them to confute them if they can.

The insolent British dogma, "once a subject always a subject," was recognized by the Democrats as good international law down to the Civil War; the war of 1812 was fought mainly on that point, but the treaty of Ghent, which I have just consulted, is silent on that subject. In Mansfield's Life of Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott, page 54, we find that "in October, 1807, Great Britain recalled from foreign service all seamen who were natural born subjects, and ordered them to withdraw themselves and return home." At the same time it declared that "no foreign letters of naturalization could divest its natural born subjects from their allegiance, or alter their duty to their lawful sovereign." We will now see how this proclamation was enforced. I quote from the same work as above: "The battle of Queenstown closed with the surrender of Scott and his small force of 139 regulars and 154 militia. These prisoners were sent to Quebec, thence in a cartel to Boston, and Scott was soon after exchanged. When the prisoners were about to sail from Quebec, Scott being in the cabin of the transport, heard a bustle on deck and hastened up. There he found a party of British officers in the act of mustering the prisoners and separating from the rest such as, by confession or accent of the voice, were judged to be Irishmen. The object was to send them in a frigate then alongside to England, to be tried and executed for the crime of high treason, they being taken in arms against their native allegiance."

That there may be no room for contradiction on the matter, I give the names of the men who had been selected from the other prisoners as Irishmen, and were subsequently sent back as prisoners: "Henry Kelly, Henry Blaney, George McCommon, Michael Condin, John Dolton, John Clark, Peter Burr, Andrew Doyle, John McGowan, James Gill, John Fulsum, Patrick McBraharty, Mathew Mooney, Patrick Karns, John Fitzgerald, John Wiley, John Donnelly, John Currey, Nathan Shaly, Edward McGarrigan, John Dinnue, John Williams and George Johnson." American State papers, volume 3, page 634. Many were adopted citizens, and had families in the United States. The gallant Scott seeing the scheme of the British was to induce each man to speak and judge by his accent whether or not he was an Irishman, at once ordered the men to remain absolutely silent and answer no questions, and, of course, the men obeyed. This was done in spite of the threats of the British officers, but the Irishmen already selected were put in irons and sent to England. Two months after this in the battle and capture of Fort George, Scott made a great number of prisoners, and he immediately selected twenty-three of the number to be confined in the interior of the United States, there to abide the fate of the twenty-three sent to England by the British officers. A law was subsequently enacted "vesting in the president the power of retaliation in certain cases specified therein." Under this law President Madison directed that forty-six officers should be instantly set apart as hostages for the safety and restoration of our forty-six officers and non-commissioned officers who were held by the British as hostages for the twenty-three prisoners held by Scott for the safety of his men who had been sent to England. The battle of Queenstown Heights was fought on Oct. 13, 1812. The treaty of Ghent was ratified Feb. 17, 1815. "In July 1815, five months thereafter, as Gen. Scott was passing along on the East River side of New York he was attracted by loud cheers on one of the piers, he approached the scene and great was his delight to find that it was the cheers of his old Irish friends, who had that moment landed after a confinement of nearly three months in England prisons, only twenty-one were present, two having died in jail." And thus under the Democratic administration of James Madison were brave Irish soldiers taken in battle, refused the rights of exchange, and sent ignominiously in irons to England, and allowed to remain there for five months after the treaty of peace was signed and all the so-called hostages had been released and sent home in England. How carefully the rights of these men were guarded by the party of Gen. McMahon! But suppose such a disgraceful disregard of the rights of citizens had taken place under a Republican administration we can easily imagine how the vials of the General's virtuous wrath would have been poured on the entire Republican party. Well, from 1812 up to 1860, we had ten Democratic presidents, and still Irishmen had never been legally placed in the position of full citizenship. At any time, in any war with England, they were liable to be (if taken prisoner) detained like criminals and hanged as traitors, or sent back after years of imprisonment, and this party which has always had such tender care for the rights of citizens, and especially for Irish citizens, never attempted to bring England to terms and compel her to renounce her assumption: "Once a subject always a subject." Does the gallant defender of the Democratic party also defend the cowardly truckling to English despotism? If he does he ought to make it known so that Irish citizens may know where his party stands now, as he undertakes to speak for it.

But the rebellion was crushed out, the Republican party was in power, Gen. Grant (against whom every good Democrat voted) was president, and then for the first time in our history were Irish citizens elevated to full equality with other citizens. The treaty of Washington, proclaimed Sept. 16, 1870, in article 1, page 471, of Treaties and Conventions, between the United States and other powers from 1776 and 1887, provides that "British subjects who have become, or shall become and are, naturalized according to law within the United States of America, as citizens thereof, shall be held by Great Britain to be in all respects and for all purposes citizens of the United States, and shall be treated as such by Great Britain." And thus tardy justice was done to Irish citizens, and Great Britain was compelled to regard them as Americans in every sense of the word, and never again can we (if unfortunately) we should fall into England's hands as prisoners of war be sent to the land of our natural enemy to be trried for treason. Irishmen who vote the Democratic ticket should ask themselves why they so very strenuously support a party which has been so shamefully negligent in its duty to them, and why they so bitterly oppose the Republican party, which was under no kind of obligation to them, but was the first party to demand from England the total renunciation of her claim that they were her subjects, even after they had renounced allegience to her accursed government, and became citizens of the United States? But with the modesty of a Tammany brave, Gen. McMahon says: "It (the Republican party) had no possible reason for existence after the war." This is very amusing, although I think the general was not in a funny mood, but was in down right earnest when he wrote it. So then, the party which saved the Union, and without which it would not have been saved, should have retired and left the field to the party which fought four bloody years to destroy it, that the party which never despaired of the Republic should give way to the party which almost at the close of the war in 1864 nominated McClellan, (the first nominee for the presidency for whom the General voted) on a dastardly platform which declared the war a failure, that the party of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Garfield and Blaine, should surrender to the party of Jeff Davis, R. E. Lee, Breckinridge, Wirts and Booth, that the party which has elected seven presidents, should have permitted the minority of the Nation to rule over the majority

"The Democratic party has ever been true to the highest ideals of national liberty and Christian life." Oh, come now, General; is not this a little too much to impose on an innocent and unsuspecting people, or will you in your ardent defense of your party undertake to say that the savage barbarities of Libby and Andersonville, the midnight assassinations of the Ku Klux Klan, the wholesale disfranchisement of the colored people of the South, the grand larcenies of Tweed, the stealing of public records by Maynard, the high handed ruffianism of Buckley of San Francisco, the murders, attempted murders and ballot box stealing by the Democrats of New Mexico and the public and private plundering of Tammany Hall, and worst of all, the most unjust, uncalled for and unchristian rebellion the world has ever seen—I repeat, will you say that all these crimes (for which the Democratic party is responsible) are "true to the highest ideals of human liberty and Christian life?" Or will you say that every one of those National crimes was not perpetrated by Democrats and defended or condoned by your party?

"And now," says the General, "that the country has so spoken against the Republican party I do not see how it can live." Well, if he had waited a very few days after writing his "reasons" he could have seen very plainly how it could live; he would have seen that the Republican party, at whose obsequies he attended in November, 1892, made a glorious resurrection in November, 1893, he would have seen his own State bury Maynard under an avalanche of 80,000 majority, he would have seen Ohio give 81,000, Pennsylvania 130,000, Massachusetts 30,000, Iowa 25,000, Kansas 22,000, and even New Jersey, which with the General voted that the war was a failure, about 20,000 Republican majority. I am willing to concede that the Republican party has not treated Gen. McMahon very courteously in thus incontinently arising from the grave and contradicting so emphatically his well considered reasons for its permanent demise, but he has done so, and now "what is he going to do about it?" In addition to the above he can now see his idol, the Dictator Cleveland, denounced by Senator Hill and a large part of the Democratic party as recreant to his duty and his oath of office in setting up a lewd, tyrannical semi-barbarian as Queen of Hawaii, and subverting a legally organized government which has been recognized by all the great powers, including the United States, and he could have seen Democratic organs demanding the impeachment of President Cleveland, and if the General lives till 1896 he will see the Democratic party driven from power by an outraged country and the Republican called back to administer the affairs of the Nation it saved from destruction.

A. L. MORRISON.

IRISH NEWS.

The Ulster Winter Assizes for the nine Ulster counties and for the county of the town of Carrickfergus, was opened in the county courthouse, Belfast, Dec. 6, by Mr. Justice Andrews.

The usual monthly meeting of the ladies in charge of Mr. Parnell's grave took place Dec. 4 at the offices of the National League. Members are reminded that their annual subscriptions are now due, and that they are required to continue the work during the coming year.

On Dec. 4 a fire of an alarming character broke out in a shop in King street, Cork, belonging to Mr. O'Conor. In the shop were stored several barrels of petroleum among other goods, chiefly provisions. Fortunately the extensive stores of Robert Scott & Co., situated close to the burning building, stocked with inflammable goods, escaped. The fire brigade, under Captain Hutson, did its work well, and succeeded in distinguishing the flames without loss of life.

The trial of Laurence Bradley, late clerk of Mullingar Cathedral, on the charge of poisoning Mr. James Kelly was resumed before Justice Johnson at Wicklow.

The recent rains have increased the amount of water in the Roundwood Reservoir, and the Vartry river is flowing with its usual winter volume.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION.

Imposing Commemoration of the Savior's Natal Day by the Catholic Churches Throughout the City.

Brilliant Services at the Holy Name Cathedral—Magnificent Musical Programmes Artistically Rendered.

Largest of all the congregations assembling Christmas Day was the outpouring of the people to attend services at the Cathedral of the Holy Name. Cherubim-faced choir boys began the long service of the day with Guilmant's processional hymn, sung at the opening of the first mass at 4 o'clock in the morning. "Veni Creator" (Cyrillo) was sung in the gray dawn, with Mme. Francesca Guthrie-Moyer singing the soprano solo. Other musical features of the morning service were the rendering of Gounod's Credo and the offertorium, "O Holy Night," in which Mme. Moyer again sung the soprano solo and was supported by the full chorus. An hour before the inaugural of the high mass at 10:30 the congregation began to arrive. Archbishop Feehan celebrated mass and was assisted by Fathers Mooney, Scanlan, Fitzsimmons, Muldoon and Barry. Attending the service was Rosenbecker's orchestra In addition to the quartette of the cathedral, which is composed of Mme. Moyer, soprano; Miss Kate Coffey, alto; Adolph Erst, tenor, and F. A. Langlois, basso, there was a chorus of fifty voices, and the full strength of the aggregation of musical talent was heard in the opening number, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" (Singenberger.) Soloists of the forenoon service were Mr. Langlois, who sung "Veni Creator" (Dvorak), and Mr. Erst, who sung the offertorium, "Ave Maria Stella" (Proch.) The Rev. S. M. Calmer, S.J., had the honor of delivering the sermon, which was an eloquent discourse, tracing the ecclesiastical history of the day and counseling the charitable observance of the day with [illegible] thy the various conditions of mankind. At the close of the service his Grace, the Archbishop, was entertained at dinner by the priests of the parish at their home attached to the church.

While the early Christmas light was yet gray over the city festival music broke the stillness at St. James' Roman Catholic church. The parishioners had gathered there to celebrate early mass, and the services lasted an hour. Following them at 9 o'clock a second celebration was observed. The full choral celebration at 10'30 o'clock was the most important service of the day. At this service the church was crowded long before the opening strains of Organist Frederick's voluntary heralded the entrance of the choir and celebrating priests. The floral decorations of the church were mainly confined to the altar. Father Swanson celebrated the mass, assisted by Father McGuire and Father Van Pelt. The choir was composed of Miss M. Reilly, soprano; Miss Belle Tomlins, contralto; Mr. Arthur Burton, tenor, and Mr. F. R. Wade, basso.

St. Patrick's church, at Desplaines and Adams streets, presented a very pretty spectacle in celebration of Christmas Day. The large edifice was beautifully decorated with evergreen and cut flowers. The chancel and sanctuary were strewn with cut flowers and potted plants. Solemn high mass was celebrated at 4 o'clock in the morning, and every morning hour mass was said. The 10 o'clock mass was said by Father Galligan, pastor of the church, who was assisted by Father Kerns. The musical programme was choice and well selected. Besides the usual church choir an orchestra of twelve pieces was present. The St. Patrick Quartette rendered several choice selections. The quartette members are: Miss Nellie McKnight, soprano; Miss Nellie Cahill, alto; August Dasso, tenor, and W. T. Ryan, basso.

At St. Malachy's church, Western avenue and Walnut street, Christmas was celebrated by an elaborate musical service. The church was handsomely decorated with evergreens and the altar was decked with flowers. Solemn high mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. T. P. Hodnett, at 4 a.m. The principal service of the day was at 10:30 a.m. The choir under the direction of Prof. S. Kretton, was augmented by an orchestra of a dozen pieces. The sermon was delivered by Rev. T. Woulfe.

At St. Agnes' church, in Brighton Park, the principal mass of the day was at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. Father Dierkes, S. J., of St. Ignatius college, preached the sermon.

The Christmas Day service at St. Jarlath's church was of an interesting character and was attended by large congregations. The church was beautifully decorated, the chancel being festooned with evergreens. The altars were covered with flowers. There was an early service at 5 a.m., at which Weber's third mass was used. At 10:45 a.m. there was solemn high mass with Father O'Connor as the celebrant, and Rev. T. F. Cashman and Rev. T. E. Cox as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Rev. James Cornley, of the Society of Jesus.

Mass was celebrated at St. Ann's church, Fifty-fifth street and Wentworth avenue, at 5 o'clock a.m. At the offertory Rawling's "Kings of Kings" was sung by Mrs. John McMahon. The quartette was composed of Mesdames Flood and McMahon, and Messrs. Anton and Baber. Mrs. C. W. Baker was the organist. Haydn's third mass in D was sung at 11 o'clock in the morning by the quartette and choir. At the offertory E. Morzo's "While Shepherds Watched the Flocks by Night" was sung by Mrs. Baker.

In St. Agatha's church, on Kedzie avenue, the principal mass was at 10:30 o'clock with a sermon by Rev. Father Burberick, S. J., of the Holy Family church.

At the Church of St. Lawrence, in Grand Crossing, Rev. Father Malony, pastor, the Rev. Father Lagae, S. J., preached at the 10:30 o'clock high mass.

At St. Mary's church, Wabash avenue and Eldredge court, the first high mass was celebrated at 5 o'clock, and there was a solemn high mass at 10:45 o'clock. The sermon at this mass was preached by Rev. P. C. Conway. The choir sang Haydn's sixteenth mass, "Veni Sancte," Broseg; offertory, "Adeste Fideles," Novello. The quartette was Mrs. Anna Moyer, soprano; Miss Alice Coffey, contralto; John Wynne, tenor, and Felix Enderlin, bass. Mr. Albert Sieben, organist.

Pontifical high mass was celebrated in All Saints' church at 5 o'clock, the Right Rev. Bishop Dunne officiating. At the 10:45 o'clock mass Bishop Dunne preached the sermon.

At St. Bernard's church, Sixty-sixth street and Stewart boulevard, Englewood, the Rev. John J. Dennison celebrated high mass at 5 o'clock. At 10:30 o'clock solemn high mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. B. P. Murray and assistants. At both the masses excellent musical programmes were presented by the choir. The soloists were Mrs. P. M. McCabe, soprano; Miss S. Henisler, contralto; Mr. C. J. Sullivan, tenor, and Mr. W. D. Byrne, bass. Miss Katherine Leonard, organist.

In St. Michael's church, on Eugenie [illegible] Cleveland avenue, the se[illegible] an, the organist of the church.

The services in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, No. 1432 Jackson boulevard, began at 5 o'clock in the morning with a solemn high mass, followed by a succession of masses till 10 o'clock. At 10:30 o'clock another solemn high mass was celebrated, including a sermon by an eminent priest of the Servite order. A fine musical programme was given.

The Christmas service in the Sacred Heart church, Nineteenth and Halsted streets, was commenced with a solemn high mass at 4:30 o'clock, at which there was a special musical programme. At 10:30 there was another solemn high mass with a sermon by Rev. Father Wood, S. J. Vespers at 5 o'clock.

The Christmas music was the principal feature of the service at St. Columbkill's church, Paulina and Indiana streets. The solos in the masses were sung by Miss Louisa Turgeon, soprano; Miss Mary Turgeon, contralto; Mr. J. Bernard, tenor; Mr. J. J. McCall, bass; M. T. Corby, organist and director.

At the Holy Family (Jesuit) church services began at 4 o'clock in the morning with a solemn high mass, the Rev. Father Fitzgerald as celebrant; Rev. Father Chambers as deacon; Rev. Father Mor[illegible]ld, subdeacon, and Rev. Father Heff[illegible]r, master of ceremonies. There was a solemn high mass at 10:30 o'clock, with the Rev. Ed Kelly as celebrant; Rev. Father Weinman, deacon; and Rev. Mr. Kellenan, sub-deacon. Very Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald, rector of St. Ignatius College, preached the sermon. The choir, assisted by an orchestra, gave Beethoven's mass under the direction of Thomas Moore, the church organist.—*Herald*.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

On the recommendation of the Marquis of Headford, lieutenant of the county, the Lord Chancellor has appointed Dr. Ringwood Rills to the Commission of the Peace for the county Meath.

The usual weekly meeting of the council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language took place on Tuesday, Dec. 12, at No. 6 Molesworth street, Dublin, Surgeon-General King, M. R. I. A., in the chair. There were also present Prof. O'Looney, M.R.I.A., George Coffey, B.L., M.R.I.A., Hamilton Bell, M.R.I.A., Capt. T. Connor, T. O'Neill Russell, Thomas Rooney, James Halligan and J. J. McSweeney, secretary. The death of one of the vice-presidents of the society, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, having been announced at the meeting, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That the council having learned with sincere regret of the death of the Most Rev. John McCarthy, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cloyne, and vice-president of the society, do now adjourn as a mark of respect for one of the oldest and most steadfast supporters of the Irish language movement."

At a meeting of the Drogheda Corporation, Mr. P. Reilly in the chair, it was unanimously agreed that the council would not enforce the provisions of the Education act until the Christian Brothers participated in its benefits.

On Dec. 13, Mr. A. Bourke, Local Government Board Inspector, held an inquiry at the board room of Dundalk workhouse into certain representations made to the Board of Guardians requiring the erection of twenty-five houses under the Laborers' acts in the electoral divisions of Louth, Castlering, Castletown, Darver, Dromishin, Haggardstown, Foughart, Julianstown, Barronstown and Dundalk (South Ward). The guardians were represented at the inquiry by their solicitor, Mr. W. R. Rogers, and the laborers by Mr. A. N. Sheridan. Messrs. C. McMahon, R. Dickie, J. D. McCarthy and Thomas Callan opposed, in particular cases, on behalf of owners or occupiers of lands on which it was proposed to fix sites for houses and plots. The medical officers of health in the various districts gave evidence in support of the schemes, which were also supported in evidence by a number of priests, laborers and others. Evidence against the schemes was given in each of the contested cases, the objections being mainly based upon the alleged sufficiency of suitable housing accommodation in the various districts—a circumstance which was in most cases contradicted by the medical officers' evidence.

Munster.

At an adjourned meeting of the Limerick corporation the request of the Munster Fair commissioners that the corporation would prevent the Munster Horse Fair from being held on the streets, being a custom injurious to the citizens and a loss to the commissioners, came under discussion. It was decided to prohibit the practice in future.

An accident occurred Dec. 13 on the Great Southern and Western railway. The train which left Cork at 6 p. m., and was due at Queenstown at 6:32, with about thirty passengers, broke down after passing Fosty Station at the Bellville sidings, over three miles from Queenstown. The passengers, having reached Carriagaloe station, waited there until the arrival of the train that left Cork at 7 p. m., on which they were brought to Queenstown, where they arrived at 8:15. Mr. Boake, stationmaster, despatched assistance to the scene of the accident, when it was ascertained that the engine burst a tube.

On Dec. [illegible] the sub-sheriff of county Waterford [illegible] bailiffs ac[illegible] property is Miss Catherine Grace Fairholme. The proceeding, which resulted in the dispossession of seven families, was initiated a few months ago. Non-payment of rent was the ground on which the ejectment proceedings were instituted and decrees obtained. The continued depression in the price of agricultural products rendered the payment of rents impossible. The sub-sheriff disposed the following tenants, Thomas Goff, Michael Keating, Lawrence Phelan, David Power, Thomas McGrath, James Power and Mrs. Margaret Dooley, Ballyboy. The three last mentioned, being occupants of laborers' cottages on the holding of David Power, were allowed to return as caretakers of their houses, but the same terms were not extended to the others evicted. It is probable that, encouraged by the success which attended the inaugural effort of the evictor in county Waterford other landlords will resort to the extreme measures which have been adopted on this estate.

On the 12th inst. two river steamers, the Mermaid and Leven, came into collision in the Shannon, the former having her mast and bow smashed and stove in, and the Leven a hole four feet by two made in her starboard side. The Leven had to be run ashore to save her from sinking, and the Mermaid had to put back to Limerick owing to her damaged condition. No lives were lost.

Connacht.

Mr. John Glynn, reporter and Gaelic editor of the Tuam *News*, has received the appointment of town clerk for Tuam.

The death of Lord Clonbrock occurred at the family seat, Clonbrock, Ahascragh, county Galway, on Monday, Dec. 4. The deceased had reached the advanced age of 86 years. He was the third baron, having succeeded to the title on the death of his father so far back as 1826. He was married in 1830 to the Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Churchill. He was a D. L. and J. P. for the counties of Galway and Roscommon, and served as Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for the county and town of Galway from 1874 to 1892. He graduated at Oxford, where he received the degree of M. A. Lord Clonbrock was a representative peer of Ireland since 1838. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Luke Gerald Dillon.

On Thursday night and until mid-day on Friday, says the Mayo *News* of Dec. 9, a strong Southwesterly gale almost approaching a hurricane passed over the country, doing considerable damage to house property, oats, haystacks, etc., and considerable injury was done to the steamer shed on the quay, Westport. A large portion of the roof was blown away, and flour, sugar and other goods stored in it were damaged. At Rosbeg the tide reached some houses during the night and people had to leave their beds and seek shelter elsewhere. At Streamstown, Mr. Hearne's residence, "Reek View," was flooded, and, strange fact, a number of geese and ducks that were in an outhouse were drowned. The approach to Mr. Alfred Kelly's residence, Seapoint, Rosbeg, was also considerably damaged, and portion of a protection wall upon which Mr. Kelly spent a large sum in recent years was swept away. The residence of Mr. T. F. Ruttledge, sub-sheriff, also suffered.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

When Kathleen heard the plan on which Owen founded his expectations of assistance, her dark melancholy eye flashed with a portion of its former fire; a transient vivacity lit up her sickly features, and she turned a smile of hope and affection upon her children, then upon Owen.

"Arrah, thin, who knows, indeed!—who knows but he might do something for us? And maybe we might be as well as ever yet! May the Lord put it into his heart, this day! I declare, ay!—maybe it was God put it into your heart, Owen!"

"I'll set off," replied her husband, who was a man of decision; "I'll set off on other morrow morning; and as nobody knows anything about it, so let there be not a word said upon the subject, good or bad. If I have success, well and good; but if not, why nobody need be the wiser."

The heart-broken wife evinced, for the remainder of the day, a lightness of spirits which she had not felt for many a month before. Even Owen was less depressed than usual, and employed himself in making such arrangements as he knew would occasion his family to feel the inconvenience of his absence less acutely. But as the hour of his departure drew nigh, a sorrowful feeling of affection rising into greater strength and tendernes, threw a melancholy gloom around his hearth. According to their simple view of distance, a journey to Dublin was a serious undertaking, and to them it was such. Owen was in weak health, just risen out of illness, and what was more trying than any other consideration was, that since their marriage they had never been separated before.

On the morning of his departure he was up before daybreak, and so were his wife and children, for the latter had heard the conversation already detailed between them, and, with their simple-minded parents, enjoyed the gleam of hope which it presented; but this soon changed—when he was preparing to go, an indefinite sense of fear, and a more vivid clinging of affection marked their feeling. He himself partook of this, and was silent, depressed, and less ardent than when the speculation first presented itself to his mind. His resolution, however, was taken, and, should he fail, no blame at a future time could be attached to himself. It was the last effort; and to neglect it, he thought, would have been to neglect his duty. When breakfast was ready, they all sat down in silence; the hour was yet early, and a rushlight was placed in a wooden candlestice that stood beside them to afford light. There was something solemn and touching in the group as they sat in dim relief, every face marked by the traces of sickness, want, sorrow, and affection. The father attempted to eat, but could not; Kathleen sat at the meal, but could taste nothing; the children ate, for hunger at the moment was predominant over every other sensation. At length it was over, and Owen rose to depart; he stood for a minute on the floor, and seemed to take a survey of his cold, cheerless house, and then of his family; he cleared his throat several times, but did not speak.

"Kathleen," said he, at length, "in the name of God I'll go; and may his blessin' be about you, asthore machree, and guard you and these darlins till I come back to yez."

Kathleen's faithful heart could bear no more; she laid herself on his bosom—clung to his neck, and, as the parting kiss was given, she wept aloud, and Owen's tears fell silently down his worn cheeks. The children crowded about them in loud wailings, and the grief of this virtuous and afflicted family was of that profound description, which is ever the companion, in such scenes, of pure and genuine love.

"Owen!" she exclaimed; "Owen, *a-suilish mahail agus machree!* (light of eyes and of my heart) I doubt we wor wrong in thinkin' of this journey. How can you, mavourneen, walk all the way to Dublin, and you so worn and weakly wid that sickness, and the bad feedin' both before and since? Och, give it up, achree, and stay wid us, let what will happen. You're not able for such a journey, indeed you're not. Stay wid me and the childer, Owen; sure we'd be so lonesome widout you—will you, agrah? and the Lord will do for us some other way, maybe."

Owen pressed his faithful wife to his heart, and kissed her chaste lips with a tenderness which the heartless votaries of fashionable life can never know.

"Kathleen, asthore," he replied, in those terms of endearment which flow so tenderly through the language of the people; "sure, when I remember your fair young face—your yellow hair, and the light that was in your eyes, acushla machree—but that's gone long ago—och, don't ax me to stop. Isn't your lightsome laugh, whin you wor young, in my ears? and your step that 'ud not bend the flower of the field—Kathleen, I can't, indeed I can't, bear to think of what you wor, nor of what you are now, when, in the coorse of age and natur, but a small change ought to be upon you! Sure I ought to make every struggle to take you and these sorrowful crathurs out of the state you're in."

The children flocked about them, and joined their entreaties to those of their mother. "Father, don't lave us—we'll be lonesome if you go, and if my mother 'ud get sick, who 'ud be to take care of her? Father, don't lave your own 'weeny crathurs,' (a pet name he had for them)—maybe the meal 'ud be eat out before you'd come back; or maybe something 'ud happen you in that strange place."

"Indeed, there's truth in what they say, Owen," said the wife; "do be said by your own Kathleen for this time, and don't take sich a long journey upon you. Afther all, maybe, you wouldn't see him sure the naburs will help us, if you could only humble yourself to ax them!"

"Kathleen," said Owen, "when this is past you'll be glad I went—indeed you will; sure it's only the tindher feelin' of your hearts, darlins. Who knows what the landlord may do when I see himself, and show him these resates—every penny paid him by our own family. Let me go, acushla; it *does* cut me to the heart to lave yez the way yez are in, even for a while; but it's far worse to see your poor wasted faces, widout havin' it in my pawer to do anything for yez."

He then kissed them again, one by one; and pressing the affectionate partner of his sorrows to his breaking heart, he bad God bless them, and set out in the twilight of a bitter March morning. He had not gone many yards from the door when little Alley ran after him in tears; he felt her hand upon the skirts of his coat, which she plucked with a smile of affection that neither tears nor sorrow could repress. "Father, kiss *me* again," said she. He stooped down and kissed her tenderly. The child then ascended a green ditch, and Owen, as he looked back, saw her standing upon it; her fair tresses were tossed by the blast about her face, as with straining eyes she watched him receding from her view. Kathleen and the other children stood at the door, and also with deep sorrow watched his form, until the angle of the bridle-road rendered him no longer visible; after which they returned slowly to the fire and wept bitterly.

We believe no men are capable of bearing greater toil or privation than the Irish. Owen's *viaticum* was only two or three oaten cakes tied in a little handherchief, and a few shillings in silver to pay for his bed. With this small stock of food and money, an oaken stick in his hand, and his wife's kerchief tied about his waist, he undertook a journey of one hundred and ten miles, in quest of a landlord who, so far from being acquainted with the distresses of his tenantry, scarcely knew even their names, and not one of them in person.

Our scene now changes to the metropolis.

One evening, about half-past 6 o clock, a toil-worn man turned his steps to a splendid mansion in Mountjoy Square; his appearance was drooping, fatigued, and feeble. As he went along, he examined the numbers on the respective doors, until he reached a certain *one*—before which he stopped for a moment; he then stepped out upon the street, and looked through the windows, as if willing to ascertain whether there was any chance of his object being attained. Whilst in this situation a carriage rolled rapidly up, and stopped with a sudden check that nearly threw back the horses on their haunches. In an instant the thundering knock of the servant intimated the arrival of some person of rank; the hall door was opened, and Owen, availing himself of that opportunity, entered the hall. Such a visitor, however, was too remarkable to escape notice. The hand of the menial was rudely placed against his breast; and, as the usual impertinent interrogatories were put to him, the pampered ruffian kept pushing him back, until the afflicted man stood upon the upper step leading to the door.

"For the sake of God, let me spake but two words to him. I'm his tenant; and I know he's too much of a jintleman to turn away a man that has lived upon his honor's estate, father and son, for upwards of three hundred years. My name's Owen ——"

"You can't see him, my good fellow, at this hour. Go to Mr. M——," his agent; we have company to dinner. He never speaks to a tenant on business; his agent manages all that. Please, leave the way; here comes more company."

As he uttered the last word, he pushed Owen back; who, forgetting that the stairs were behind him, fell, received a severe cut, and was so completely stunned, that he lay senseless and bleeding. Another carriage drove up, as the fellow, now much alarmed, attempted to raise him from the steps; and, by order of the gentleman who came in it, he was brought into the hall. The circunstance now made some noise. It was whispered about that one of Mr. S.'s tenants, a drunken fellow from the country, wanted to break in forcibly to see him; but then it was also asserted, that his skull was broken, and that he lay dead in the hall. Several of the gentlemen above stairs, on hearing that a man had been killed, immediately assembled about him, and, by the means of restoratives, he soon recovered, though the blood streamed copiously from the wound in the back of his head.

"Who are you, my good man?" said Mr. S.

Owen looked about him rather vacantly; but soon collected himself, and replied in a mournful and touching tone of voice—"I'm one of your honor's tenants from Tubber Derg; my name is Owen McCarthy, your honor—that is, if you be Mr. S."

"And, pray, what brought you to town, McCarthy?"

"I wanted to make an humble appale to your honor's feelins, in regard to my bit of farm. I, and my poor family, your honor, have been broken down by hard times and the sickness of the sason—God knows how *they* are."

"If you wish to speak to me about that, my good man, you must know I refer all these matters to my agent. Go to him—he knows them best; and whatever is right and proper to be done for you, he will do it. Sinclair, give him a crown, and send him to the —— Dispensary, to get his head dressed. I say, McCarthy, go to my agent; he knows whether your claim is just or not, and will attend to it accordingly."

"Plase your honor, I've been wid him, and he says he can do nothing whatsomever for me. I went two or three times, and couldn't see him, he was so busy; and, when I did get a word or two wid him, he tould me there was more offered for my land than I'm payin'; and that if I did not pay up, I must be put out, God help me!"

"But I tell you, Carthy, I never interfere between him and my tenants."

"Och, indeed! and it would be well for both your honor's tenants and yourself, if you did, Sir. Your honor ought to know, Sir, more about us, and how we're thrated. I'm an honest man, Sir, and I tell you so for your good."

"And pray, Sir," said the agent, stepping forward, for he had arrived a few minutes before and heard the last observation of McCarthy—"pray how are they treated, you that know so well, and are so honest a man? As for honesty, you might have referred to me for that, I think," he added.

"Mr. M——," said Owen, "we're thrated very badly. Sir, you need'nt look at me, for I'm not afeerd to spake the thruth; no bullyin', Sir, will make me say anything in your favor that you don't desarve. You've broken the half of them by severity; you've turned the tenants against yourself and his honor here; and I tell you now, though you're to the fore, that, in the coorse of a short time, there'll be bad work upon the estate, except his honor, here, looks into his own affairs, and hears the complaints of the people. Look at these resates, yer honor; they'll show you, Sir, —"

"Carthy, I can hear no such language against the gentleman to whom I entrust the management of my property; of course, I refer the matter solely to him. I can do nothing in it."

"Kathleen, avourneen!" exclaimed the poor man, as he looked up despairingly to heaven; "and ye, poor darlins of my heart! is this the news I'm to have for yez whin I go home? As you hope for mercy, Sir, don't turn your ear away from my petition, that I'd humbly make to yourself. Cowld, and hunger, and hardship, are at home before me, yer honor. If you'd be plased to look at these resates, you'd see that I always paid my rint; and 'twas sickness and the hard times——"

"And your own honesty, industry, and good conduct," said the agent, giving a dark and malignant sneer at him. "Carthy, it shall be my business to see that you do not spread a bad spirit through the tenantry much longer. Sir, you have heard the fellow's admission. It is an implied threat that he will give us much serious trouble. There is not such another incendiary on your property—not one, upon my honor."

"Sir," said a servant, "dinner is on the table."

"Sinclair," said his landlord, "give him another crown, and tell him to trouble me no more." Saying which, he and the agent went up to the drawing room, and, in a moment, Owen saw a large party sweep down stairs, full of glee and vivacity, by whom both himself and his distresses were a completely forgotten as if they had never existed.

He now slowly departed, and knew not whether the house-steward had given him money or not until he felt it in his hand. A cold, sorrowful weight lay upon his heart; the din of the town deadened his affliction into a stupor; but an overwhelming sense of his disappointment, and a conviction of the agent's diabolical falsehood, entered like barbed arrows into his heart.

On leaving the steps, he looked up to heaven in the distraction of his agonizing thoughts; the clouds were black and lowering—the wind stormy—and, as it carried them on its dark wing along the sky, he wished, if it were the will of God, that his head lay in the quiet graveyard where the ashes of his forefathers reposed in peace. But he again remembered his Kathleen and their children; and the large tears of anguish, deep and bitter, rolled slowly down his cheeks.

We will not trace him into an hospital, whither the wound on his head occasioned him to be sent, but simply state, that, on the second week after this a man, with his head bound in a handherchief, lame, bent, and evidently laboring under severe illness or great affliction, might be seen toiling slowly up the little hill that commanded a view of Tubber Derg.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Cuirt an Chronnain.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Air maidin lá air na mhárach, ni raibh na fir óga le fághail abhus no thall agus bhí brón mór ameasg an phobail. Chuaidh an lá sin thart gan chántas ó na fearaibh óga. Dubhairt daoine gur b'e Cronnán a mharbh iad, mar chonnaire daoine iad ag dul chum na cúirte. Chuaidh aithreacha agus maithreacha na bh-fear óg chum na m-brethair agus ghuidh orra do dhul go Cronnán, agus d'fhághail amach uaidh cia an áit a raibh na fir óga, beo no marbh.

Chuaidh siad go Cronnán agus d'innis Cronnán dóibh an cleas a shaoil na fir óga do dheunamh air, agus an nidh do rinne sé leo. "Má's é do thoil, tabhair maitheamhnas doibh an t-am so," ar sna bráithre, "bhidheadar air mire le h-uisge-beatha, agus ni bhéidh siad cionntach aris." "Air son sibh-se a iarraidh orm, sgaoilfidh me iad an t-am so, acht má thagann siad aris cuirfidh me codladh seacht m-bliadhain orra. Tar liom anois go bh-feicfidh sibh iad."

"Is olc na coisidhe sinn," ar sna bráithre "bhéidhmis a bh-fad ag dul go dti an áit 'nna bh-fuil siad."

"Ní bhéidh sibh dá mhóimid a dul ann" ar Cronnán, "agus béidh sibh air ais 'san m-baile san am ceudna."

Ann sin thug se amach iad, agus chuir sinneán gaoithe as a bheul, agus d'fuadaigh go Lios-trom-neul iad, agus bhi sé féin ann sin chomh luath leo.

Chonnaire siad an dá fhear óg deug 'nna g-codladh faoi neul annsan lios, agus bhi iongantas mór orra. "Anois," ar Cronnán, "cuirfead abhaile iad." Do shéid sé orra, agus d'éirigheadar mar eunlaith 'san aer, agus nior bh-fad go raibh gach aon aca 'sa' m-baile, agus na bráithre freisean, agus tig leat bheith cinnte nach n-deachadar go cúirt a' Chronnáin níos mó.

Bhi Cronnán 'nna chómhnuidhe annsan g-cúirt bliadhanta 'nna dhiaigh sin. Aon lá amháin chuaidh na bráithre air cuairt chuige acht ni raibh sé le fághail. Deir daoine go bh-fuair na bráithre saidhbhreas mór andhiaigh Chronnáin. Faoi cheann cúrsa aimsire thuit an chleith de'n chúirt, mar bhi faitchios air aon duine dul do chómhnuidhe innti. Air feadh móráin bliadhain 'nna dhiaigh sin, rachadh daoine mile thart thimchiol seal má (sul) rachadh siad analce leis an t-sean-chúirt. Ni'l acht roinn de na ballaibh le fághail anois, acht ni'l aon ainm air an t-sean-chúirt ó'n lá sin go d-tí an lá so, acht acht leáirt a' Chronnáin.

[CRIOCH.]

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonial.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

☛ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

HIGH LIVING, if you keep at it, is apt to tell upon the liver. The things to prevent this are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Take one of these little Pellets for a corrective or gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're the smallest, easiest to take, pleasantest and most natural in the way they act. They do *permanent* good. Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headache, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or your money is returned.

The worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, yield to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So certain is it that its makers offer $500 reward for an incurable case.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I* say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.
Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for........................$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered........................$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.........$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for........................$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for..............$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only......$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..	$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved)........................	$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved)........................	$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting........................	$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face........................	$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch [illegible] guaranteed. [illegible] latest bargain for [illegible] as we may discontinue [illegible] subscribers should order [illegible] elegant watch has [illegible] Elgin works, with [illegible] compensation expansion [illegible], patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only........................$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail..........$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for............$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

PENNOYER'S PLEA.

Oregon's Governor Writes to President Cleveland.

AN APPEAL FOR THE WHITE METAL.

The President Asked to Call Upon Congress for Silver Legislation with the Assurance that the Statesmen Will Promptly Obey the Executive—Sad Picture of the Times Presented, with the Means of Averting a Calamity.

SALEM, Or., Dec. 26.—Governor Pennoyer has addressed the following letter to President Cleveland, dated Dec. 25:

"The extraordinary circumstances which greet the return of this holiday must be my excuse for writing you. Today is the first Christmas in the history of Oregon when more than two-thirds of its people are without employment and more than one-third are without sufficient means of support. Business is almost completely stagnated. Money is not to be obtained, and debtors are powerless to avoid the seizure of their property and their homes to satisfy, at a small percentage of their value, the claims of creditors. Repeated appeals have been made to me as governor of Oregon to assemble the legislature in order to alleviate this condition of affairs and avert an impending calamity.

Congress to Blame for the Trouble.

"Redress is, however, not in our hands, but in yours, and hence this appeal to you. The laws of congress which have discriminated against silver and made gold alone full legal tender money, giving to the money lender the privilege of refusing both the silver dollar and the silver certificate, thus rendering unavailable more than one-half of the national currency as an absolute debt-paying money, are the sole causes of the decline of values, paralysis of business and consequent impoverishment of a great army of wage-earners and of the impending starvation of their wives and children.

How to Put an End to Hard Times.

"If when you stood upon the eastern portico of the Capitol on the 4th of last March you had announced to the people that you would speedily convene congress in extra session to carry out the pledges of the platform to which you gave your assent and upon which you were elected, which declared for the use of both gold and silver as standard money without discrimination against either metal, the widespread depression of business which has diminished the value of property of the nation by fully one-half would never have occurred; and if now you would give such advice to congress the further downward tendency would be checked, and with favorable congressional legislation business would again revive and prosperity would again visit our land.

Appealed to as a Father.

"It is honorable to carry out the pledges of the party to the people, and is it not most dishonorable not to do so? Responsibility lies entirely with you. Complete obedience of the lower house of congress to your wishes has been observed throughout the world. It would obey your behest, and in this the senate would give you support. You are a father, and you no doubt feel grateful to God when you, upon retiring to rest, look upon your sleeping babies in their couches, the pictures of health consequent upon their having a sufficiency of food and clothing.

Draws Another Picture.

"I pray you, however, to enlarge the scope of your vision and behold, as you can in many and many a cot, children loved as much by their parents as yours are by you, weak and sickly from insufficient food and clothing, the innocent victims of vicious financial legislation, whose sleeping forms are bathed by the scalding tears of mothers bending over them in sorrow and despair; and there resolve, as you should, to faithfully carry out the pledges which your party gave to a confiding people. If you will do so God will bless you, and a grateful nation will applaud you."

WAITE CALLS THE LEGISLATURE.

The Reasons for the Call in Spite of Business Men's Opposition.

DENVER, Dec. 26.—Governor Waite has issued the long-talked-of call for a special session of the legislature, to meet Wednesday, Jan 10, 1894. The call consists of about 5,000 words and mentions over thirty subjects on which legislative action should be taken, in the governor's opinion. The governor justifies his proclamation by declaring that "The mining interests of the state have been unjustly and unconstitutionally attacked by congress and the present administration; that the panic has so reduced values and increased burdens of taxation that agriculturists, fruit growers and stock raisers are obliged to sell their products below the cost of producing them, and that the extraordinary remedies now granted to creditors in Colorado should be repealed.

"Appealing to Almighty God for the rectitude of my intention, and willing to assume the entire responsibility of the act," the governor solemnly declares, "I do issue this, my proclamation." The first business for the legislature suggested in the call is to provide that all silver dollars, domestic and foreign, containing not less than 351.25 grains of fine silver shall be legal tender for all debts collectable in Colorado. The governor also suggests the passage of an act forbidding the making of trust deeds, mortgages or obligations of any kind payable in gold.

He also wants laws providing for the issuance of certificates of small denominations in payment for work on state canals, said certificates to be receivable for water carriage and leasing or purchase of internal improvement lands and to be convertible after three years into $100 certificates, and the repeal of all laws authorizing the issuance of municipal bonds. The governor also suggests many subjects of legislation affecting various local interests in the state.

Half a Million Lost by Fire.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.—A large portion of the block bounded by Clay, Commercial, Sansome, and Leidesdorff streets has been totally destroyed by fire. The block was occupied by The Call and Bulletin, newspapers; Francis Valentine & Co., printers, and other similar concerns. Fire Marshal Towe estimates the loss at $500,000; insurance half that amount.

Did Not Violate the Law.

TOLEDO, Dec. 26.—Postmaster J. M. Brown has forwarded a mass of evidence to Washington completely exonerating J. C. Rike, superintendent of the postoffice, from violating the civil service law in soliciting subscriptions to campaign funds. Rike's name was put on the circular without his or the Republican committee's knowledge.

CONGRESS TAKES A REST.

The Lawmakers Adjourn Until Wednesday, Jan. 3.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Less than seventy-five members were on the floor when the house met for the last time until after the holiday recess. Boutelle of Maine did not miss the last opportunity to stick a thorn in the side of the majority on the Hawaiian matter. As soon as the journal was read Boutelle, who was on his feet, sent up a resolution, which he said was privileged. The speaker directed the clerk to read it. The resolution questions the authority of Commissioner Blount to order the American naval representatives at Honolulu. Boutelle vainly sought to discuss the question of his right to discuss the resolution which was referred to the committee on naval affairs.

Only by Unanimous Consent.

The speaker cut him short and said it could only be considered at this time by unanimous consent. Boutelle asked unanimous consent, but Talbott of Maryland objected. McMillan of Tennessee, from the committee on ways and means, then presented a joint resolution authorizing the secretary of the treasury to make regulations whereby stock removed across the Texas border into Mexico can be reimported into the United States until May 1, 1894. Pascal of Texas explained that on account of the drought in southwestern Texas stock was dying in large numbers and that the resolution simply allowed stockmen to take stock across the river to keep them from starvation. Without objection the resolution was passed.

The house at 3:15 adjourned until Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1894.

In the Senate.

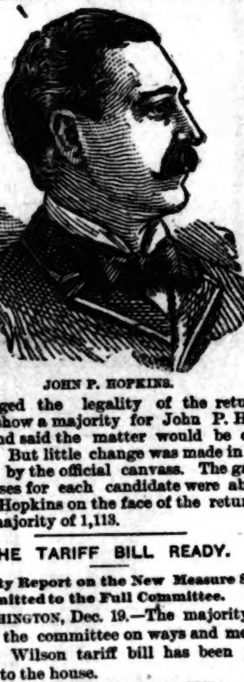
A small number of senators faced the vice president on the last day of the session in the year of 1893. As soon as the journal had been read and approved a message from the house communicated a corrected resolution for the holiday recess from now until the 3d of January, 1894, striking out "Monday, Jan. 3, 1894" and inserting "Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1894." Proctor introduced a bill to annex the territory of Utah to the state of Nevada; referred to the committee on territories.

At 3:45 p. m. the senate adjourned until Jan. 3, 1894.

THE NEW MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

John P. Hopkins Elected by a Majority of 1,113.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—When the canvassing board met ex-Corporation Counsel John S. Miller, on behalf of Mr. Swift, submitted affidavits showing gross frauds and intimidation in the election. Mr. Miller challenged the legality of the returns which show a majority for John P. Hopkins, and said the matter would be contested. But little change was made in the figures by the official canvass. The gains and losses for each candidate were about even. Hopkins on the face of the returns, has a majority of 1,113.


JOHN P. HOPKINS.

THE TARIFF BILL READY.

Majority Report on the New Measure Submitted to the Full Committee.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The majority report of the committee on ways and means on the Wilson tariff bill has been presented to the house.

It was written by Chairman Wilson and had already received the cordial approval of his Democratic associates. In presenting the report Wilson said it had already been given to the press, whereupon the Republicans said that they would see it in the afternoon papers. The reading of the report was therefore dispensed with. The Republican members of the committee will meet and perfect their report. The finishing touches will be added by Reed and it will be made public Thursday.

Will Be Called Up After Recess.

Chairman Wilson will call up the tariff bill on the first day of the session after the holiday recess. He hopes to limit the debate to two weeks, and if necessary night sessions will be held.

The senate finance committee decided to grant very limited hearings on the tariff after the holiday recess. The committee adopted a circular letter prepared by Senator Voohees, and addressed to merchants and manufacturers, in which thirty-four questions are propounded. It is believed the replies to these questions will obviate the necessity of hearings.

Three Buried in One Grave.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—There was a sad triple funeral from the smallpox hospital. The dead were all of one family. They were the children of John Peterson of 148 Townsend street—Annie, Charles, and Peter—and all were taken to the pesthouse about ten days ago. The little coffins were placed in one of the health department ambulances and sent to the cemetery, where they were buried in one grave. There were no mourners, the health officers deeming it unsafe for any one to approach.

National Butter Convention.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—There is to be a national butter convention held in Chicago in January. A number of matters will come before it which are of particular interest to dairymen and commission merchants dealing in butter and of not inconsiderable interest to the butter using public.

Bloody Fighting in Brazil.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—A dispatch from Montevideo says that on Dec. 20 a battle took place in Itajahy in which the Piexoto forces were beaten and penned in so that they will have to surrender. Many were killed on both sides.

That Experimental Balloon.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Dec. 22.—The balloon that left St. Louis Monday night and was reported to have been sighted at Springfield by the weather bureau, was found in a cornfield near here.

WINTER WHEAT CROP.

Several States Report a Smaller Acreage Than Last Year.

TOLEDO, Dec. 23.—During the past four days C. A. King & Co. have received replies from 3,384 grain men and millers in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Kansas and Missouri, which raise two-thirds the entire winter wheat crop. Each state reports a smaller acreage than last year. Michgan has nearly one-fourth less Missouri one-fifth, these showing the greatest decrease. The crop goes into winter in good condition. Some sections say it was a little dry for the late sown. Six hundred and thirty-five report the prospect excellent; 1,239 good; 1,014 fair; 383 poor and only 75 say it has a very poor start.

The reports show that about three-eighth of the 1893 wheat crop, which was short one-eighth, still remains in farmers, dealers, and interior millers' hands in the six states. Half of the reports say the reverses are about the same as a year ago. Ohio has a trifle more, Indiana and Michigan fully as much, Illinois a trifle less, while Kansas and Missouri have somewhat less. Kansas and Missouri have only enough to supply their local mills until next harvest. Michigan and Illinois will grind most of their surplus, but Ohio and Indiana have a fair surplus for shipment. Less than a quarter of the clover seed crop remains unmarketed. Most of the sections which report fair stocks say it will be needed at home. The reports say the crop has turned out a trifle better than was expected, especially in Ohio, which had the largest crop.

ACCIDENT AT HOMESTEAD.

One Man Killed and Three Injured by a Cave-In.

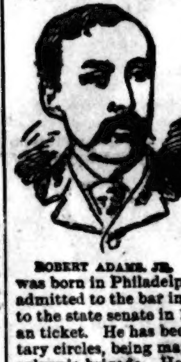
HOMESTEAD, Pa., Dec. 25.—An accident occurred by a cave-in at the Carnegie Steel company's plant at 1 o'clock in the morning, by which one man was killed and three others seriously injured. Their name were: Killed—John Kneddie, Polander, aged 40 years, married. Injured—John Norosk, may die; John Harko; Charles Marrglatt. All were Hungarians. Superintedent Malamphy says the pit would have been completed in a few hours if the accident had not occurred. The men were trimming the corners so that the bricklayers could commence work at daylight.

There were fourteen men at work and when the earth caved in the report quickly spread that all had been killed. Large crowds soon surrounded the works, including relatives of the supposed victims and the excitement was intense. The report was sent to Pittsburg and the newspapers dispatched reporters to the scene in carriages and on foot. The extreme difficulty of getting any communication to Homestead at all rendered it a matter of several hours before the true extent of the accident was known here.

CONGRESSMAN O'NEILL'S SUCCESSOR

Robert Adams, Jr., Elected to Fill the Vacancy.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—Robert Adams, Jr., ex-minister to Brazil, is elected member of congress from the Second district to succeed the late Charles O'Neill. The district is so overwhelmingly Republican that the Democrats decided not to make any nomination. Some of them vote for M. I. J. Griffin, the Prohibition candidate. Mr. Adams was born in Philadelphia in 1849 and was admitted to the bar in 1872. He was elected to the state senate in 1882 on the Republican ticket. He has been prominent in military circles, being major of the First Pennsylvania brigade. He was appointed minister to Brazil by President Harrison.


ROBERT ADAMS, JR.

WENT AT IT DELIBERATELY.

Thugs Go Through Every Car, Robbing Passengers, Mail and Express.

PARSONS, Kas., Dec. 25.—Train No. 232 on the Kansas and Arkansas Valley was held up by nine or ten men at Seminole, a small station. The robbers were apparently old hands. They captured the whole train crew and lefting them under guard while they proceeded to loot the train.

They first rifled the mail, even going through the pigeon holes. Then they captured everything in the express car worth taking away, and then made a clean sweep of the passengers' valuables. They were very deliberate at their work and were evidently old-timers. They got a big booty, but how much is impossible to say. A posse is after them.

Pennsylvania Mine Disaster.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 21.—A large body of water that was imprisoned in the old abandoned colliery which was worked by the Harpers in Black valley, near Minersville, thirty years ago, broke into the Oak Hill colliery, one mile northeast of Minersville, and three men who were at work in the gangway were drowned. The victims are: Giles Plount, miner, of Minersville, aged 52 years, leaves a widow; Joseph Stanice, laborer, of Mine Hill Gap, leaves a widow; Paul Alex, laborer, of Delaware, single. Thirteen others were at work in the gangway at the time, but they were alarmed in time to escape.

Report of Secretary Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—The annual report of Secretary Carlisle has been sent to both houses of congress. The document is a very thorough and exhaustive review of the condition of the government's finances and contains various recommendations for the relief of the treasury. The secretary discusses at considerable length the following general topics, viz: "Condition of the Treasury," "Currency Legislation," "Review of the Revenue Laws."

The secretary estimates the revenues for the fiscal year which will end June 30 at $430,121,000, and expenditures at $458,121,000, leaving a deficit of $28,000,000 on the year.

Edward Field Declared Sane.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Superintendent Andrews has declared Edward M. Field, son of the late Cyrus W. Field, sane, and he will be taken back to New York to stand trial.

Postoffice Robbed.

KEITHSBURG, Ills., Dec. 25.—The postoffice here was robbed of $250. Entrance was effected through a transom on Main street.

No Change in Hawaii.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21.—The steamer Mariposa has arrived with news of no change in the situation at Honolulu.

STATE HAPPENINGS.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF INTEREST TO ILLINOISANS.

A Column of Crimes, Casualties, and Miscellaneous Matters Prepared for Our Own People—News Gathered from All Over the Prairie State.

MINONK, Ills., Dec. 22.—Fire broke out in the Chicago and Minonk Coal Mining company's pit, a mile from this place. There were 300 men in the mine at the time, and so rapidly did the flames spread that they all had narrow escapes. Few were injured, the most serious case being that of George Erbland, who caused the disaster by attempting to light a torch while standing near a can of kerosene.

The dry timbering of the mine made excellent food for the flames and the main shaft was ablaze in an instant. For a time it seemed as though all the men must perish. About 100 men escaped through the main shaft before it was impassable, leaving 200 men still in the mine.

There was a wild panic at the mouth of the shaft, and it was soon crowded with the wailing wives and children of the unfortunate miners. However, with the rapid use of fire apparatus the flames were sufficiently quenched to enable the escape of the imperiled men, and not a man was lost.

Illinois Apportionment Bill.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—The Republicans of Illinois will test the constitutionality of the legislative apportionment bill now on the statute book. This was determined at a meeting of the Republican state central committee held at the Grand Pacific hotel. The suit will be brought in the supreme court of the state. George Hunt, late attorney general of Illinois, will appear on behalf of the Republican party. No definite time for filing the papers has been agreed on. This matter has been left to the judgment of Mr. Hunt and the executive committee of the state central committee.

Will Not Sell Trash Literature.

DANVILLE, Ills., Dec. 20.—Charles Smith, Guy McDowell, Joseph Knell and T. J. Elliott, the four leading Danville newsdealers, have entered into an agreement not to sell the so-called 5 and 10 cent libraries of the Jesse James stripe. Since the boy murderers, Pate and Stiers, declared that they owed their downfall to these novels there has been a decided movement, headed by Professor S. A. Harvey and Mrs. T. J. Elliott, to put a stop to the sale of this class of literature in Danville.

Will Give Work to 400 Men.

KANKAKEE, Ills., Dec. 25.—The extensive plant of the Gibbs Chair company was sold to the Wakefield Rattan company of New Haven, Conn. The works have been closed since the beginning of the financial stringency, but the purchase by the Wakefield company makes it certain that they will soon resume. Representatives of the firm state that 400 will be put to work inside of two months. Some of the other large concerns located here will also resume operations after the new year begins.

Attempted Assassination.

GILMAN, Ills., Dec. 22.—An attempt to kill Rev. Mr. Russell and wife of Gibson City, a short distance out of Gilman, was made by John Murray. Murray struck the old gentleman several times with a coupling pin and would have killed him but for the timely appearance of a neighbor. The reverend gentleman and wife are in bad shape in consequence of their battle, but nothing serious is looked for as the outcome.

The Mystery of McClelland.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Dec. 20.—A deed has shown up here made in Mattoon in July, 1883, claimed to have been executed by Alexander McClelland and acknowledged by a justice of Mattoon. If Alexander was there in that year then the remains found here are not his. The Boise City McClelland does not answer the description of the Oscar McClelland who resided here in 1881 in any particular.

Must Be Kept in English.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 22.—According to an opinion rendered by Attorney General Moloney the records and by-laws of building and loan associations must be kept in the English language. He says this is required by the state constitution. This is an important decision. It affects mostly German associations.

Steamboat Captain Drops Dead.

GALENA, Ills., Dec. 20.—Captain Paul Kerz dropped dead on a street corner here. He was a pioneer steamboatman of forty years experience on the Mississippi, and for the last fifteen years he was commander of the W. J. Young, of Clinton. He leaves a large fortune.

New Illinois Railway Projected.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 22.—Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state of the Chicago, Paducah and Memphis Railway company. It is proposed to build a railroad from Altamont, Effingham county, Ills., to Metropolis, Massac county, Ills.

Fireman Was Badly Injured.

NASHVILLE, Ills., Dec. 21.—Six miles east of here, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, the second section of a freight train ran into the first section. The wreck caught fire and a number of sheep and hogs were cremated. The fireman was badly injured.

Illinois Shorthorn Breeders.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 23.—The Illinois Shorthorn Breeders' Association elected Emory Clark, Kankakee, president; J. H. Pickrell, Chicago, secretary; D. W. Smith, Springfield, treasurer, and removed the headquarters to Springfield.

Send Him Back Again.

LINCOLN, Ills., Dec. 21.—The grocery store of John W. Miller, on Eighth street, was robbed. William Shelles was arrested for the crime and identified. Shelles was released from Joliet but six months ago by Governor Altgeld.

Cremated by an Epileptic Fit.

MARSHALL, Ill., Dec. 23.—Rufus Weaver, aged 15, has been burned to death. The boy went into the woods, built a fire and was taken with an epileptic fit and fell into the fire. When found by his father he was burned to a crisp.

Shot by a Concealed Assassin.

BENTON, Ills., Dec. 25.—Judge W. H. Williams was shot in the side at Parrish by a concealed assassin. Doctors say that the injuries are fatal. Williams is a prominent Republican. The assassin escaped.

Mayor Harrison's Slayer.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Interest in the Prendergast trial at this period, when the testimony consists almost exclusively of technical and expert evidence, is not great. The jury appears wearied, counsel is almost concealed from view by stacks of books written by medical authorities, and even the strong voice of Assistant State's attorney Todd is subdued. Doctors form a considerable portion of the audience. Both sides seem to take delight in repeating long hypothetical questions that have long since been labeled "Exhibit A and B" to elicit profound answers from the medical men.

Virginia Elects Senators.

RICHMOND, Dec. 20.—In the legislature General Hunton was elected United States senator for the short term and Thomas S. Martin United States senator for the long term.

The Revs. W. B. Sutherland and James Smith, supervisors of Dickson county, have been committed to jail at Clintwood, Va., for contempt of court.

George Isenhart, a farmer living near Portland, Ind., was beaten nearly to death by his son, Washington Isenhart. The latter has fled.

⁂

The center of activity of railroad building in America is Mexico. The Mexican lines are all racing to see which will be first to Acapulco, the supposed coming seaport of the South Pacific coast.

Southern roads are handling greater orange shipments than ever before in their history.

Henry J. Strohme, who lived alone in a cabin near Martinsburg, Mo., was found dead. He had killed himself with an old pistol.

The Pennsylvania World's fair commission has wound up its affairs as a state institution and converted itself into a permanent social organization, with Governor Pattison as president.

Mrs. Mary M. Strand, dry goods dealer, Cleveland, has made an assignment. The assets are $20,000.

It is announced that the glass factories at Dunkirk, Ind., will close within a week. Over 1,000 men will be thrown out of employment.

Ignatz Herat, arrested at Cleveland on a charge of larceny, was found hanging from his cell door, at the Third Precinct station, dead. He had hanged himself with a strap from his waist.

Arthur St. Clair, arrested in Cincinnati for several burglaries, has been identified as a noted Australian thief. He had maps of several residences of wealthy citizens.

John W. Stormer, a wealthy merchant of Augusta, Ills., who recently failed, has been sent to an insane asylum.

⁂

Michael Riley, cabin boy on the steamer Silver Crescent, was lost overboard at Davenport. He was 17 years old.

Ole Valland of Nevada, Ia., and Thomas Prescott of Boland, Ia., were killed by a passenger train at Boone.

The renomination of Mayor Nathan Matthews, Jr., of Boston, by the Democratic convention was unanimous. Hon. Thomas N. Hart was similarly honored by the Republicans.

By the timely discovery of a plot of three prisoners in the industrial reformatory at Huntingdon, Pa., Superintendent Potter escaped assassination.

W. P. Talbot, an alleged newspaper man, is said to have passed four forged checks at Sedalia and fled.

Henry Cone, a brakeman, was crushed to death by the cars at Clinton, Ills.

John D. Adams was crushed by a coal wagon at Whitehall, Ills., and died.

The miners in the Dubois, Pa., district have decided to accept a 10 per cent. reduction in wages and will go to work.

Natural gas has been found on the farm of William Longnecker, near Decatur, Ills., at a depth of 180 feet. It is to be utilized for heating purposes by the farmers in the vicinity.

Walter Zimmerman of Taylorville, Ill., aged 19, was run over by a horsecar and fatally injured.

Thomas Revett was acquitted at Waterloo, Ia., of the murder of Warren Blackwell near Butler last April while attempting to arrest him. Revett was a deputy constable and claimed self-defense in shooting Blackwell.

⁂

The president has approved the act granting settlers on certain lands in Oklahoma territory the right to commute homestead entries.

As two farmers were on their way home from Cadda, Ind. T., they were overtaken by three drunken Indians, who shot and killed one of them.

One negro was fatally shot and three seriously wounded at a night dance at Shelbyville, Ky.

Wesley C. Rippey, who shot John W. Mackey at San Francisco, Feb. 24 last, was sentenced to pay a fine of $250 or go to jail.

A heavy storm prevailed throughout Colorado. Snow fell to the depth of several inches.

In the American Straw Board works at Piqua, O., the boiler exploded, demolishing the buildings and badly injuring the engineer. The damage will exceed $20,000.

⁂

Three men were killed in the Crozier mine, Welch, W. Va.

James Willis, aged 70 years, once one of the wealthiest farmers of Carthage, Mo., who has recently been reduced to penury by reverses, took poison and then cut his throat with an especially prepared knife. He was dead when found.

A leak in the Welland canal near lock 24 has broken out, and traffic will be suspended for five or six days.

It is understood that Senator Sherman has declared in favor of McKinley for '96.

Octogenarian E. P. Bernard of Yates Center, Kan., tired of life, killed his wife, daughter and himself.

Dr. Reuben Murphy of Wabash, Ind., who was injured in a wreck at Toledo, O., two years ago, has effected a settlement for $8,000 of his damage suit for $50,000.

Unofficial returns from all but two counties in Iowa, with eleven counties reported by pluralities, give Jackson 183,840; Boies, 152,273; Joseph, Pop., 19,010; Mitchell, Pro., 7,745; Jackson's plurality over Boies, 31,567; majority over all, 4,812.

Moses Holstlaw, whose mind became unbalanced by reading trashy literature, was adjudged insane at Virginia, Ills.

Alexander Sanderson and George Taylor, merchants of Terre Haute, Ind., who have been using coins for advertising purposes, have been indicted for counterfeiting. The principal object in indicting them is to make a test case.

For several weeks the Rev. Lew Hoerl has been conducting a revival at Salina, O. Now he is in jail for several petty

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Carnegie company employes at Homestead will sue for $1,000,000 damages due to the poisoning during the labor troubles.

Minnesota supreme judges are laughed at for a decision in conflict with a law they knew not the existence of.

A. J. Small, agent of the Big Four railroad at Kesslers, O., has been arrested, a shortage in his accounts being alleged.

John W. Knipe and son were killed by the explosion of a thrasher boiler near Logan, O.

William Lemke, with his team of horses, was killed by a passenger train on the Omaha branch near Neilsville, Wis.

W. B. Dungan, the commission man of Sioux Falls, S. D., denies the report of his attempted suicide recently at Loveland, O.

By 12 to 3 the Jacksonville, Fla., council passed an ordinance permitting glove fights. The mayor may veto it.

Harry L. Spring was arrested in New York for efforts to get money from Marshall Field and Moses P. Handy.

⁂

A certain Peruvian heiress has paid Worth $24,000 for a gown trimmed with lace. Of this sum $23,000 was for the lace.

Kleine, Timberman & Co., wholesale dealers in woolen goods at Cincinnati, have assigned, with liabilities of $125,000 and assets $190,000.

Obituary: At Lansing, Mich., Mrs. Barrows, widow of Professor Barrows, long connected with Olivet college, and mother of Rev. J. H. Barrows, of Chicago, aged 81; at Chilton, Wis., Rev. M. P. Honeyman.

Alfred E. Parkinson, of Wisconsin, has been appointed reading clerk of the senate at Washington, to succeed G. W. Porth, who has been appointed postmaster at Milwaukee.

J. Harvey Smith and family, who were terribly injured recently in the railroad wreck at Battle Creek, Mich., are said to have received $80,000 in settlement of their claims.

Daniel H. Burnham and Frank D. Millet are getting out an illustrated history of the World's fair to be sold for $1,000 a copy. This, however, will be an "edition de luxe." A cheaper edition is promised.

⁂

The damage suit brought by Mrs. E. S. Randall against J. G. Randle at Dallas, Tex., for killing her husband last Christmas has been compromised for $10,000.

A vein of coal four feet thick has been discovered twelve miles north of Sioux City, Ia.

Dr. Robert Hogg of Bramwell, W. Va., shot himself through the head.

The Marinette, Wis., Iron Works company has gone into voluntary dissolution. Its works will be continued, the directors acting as trustees.

Peter Pant, sheriff of Macon county, was fined $100 and costs for contempt of court by Judge Creighton, at Taylorville, Ills.

Daniel G. Berry of Carmi, Ills., led the examination for appointment to West Point, held at Carmi. T. J. Thompson of Mount Vernon is alternate.

The tempestuous career of the Chicago Southeastern, better known as the Midland, is apt to be ended by its absorption into the Lake Erie and Western.

J. W. Benedate, a tramp, was attacked by epilepsy, fell into a fire he had built and was fatally burned near Pana, Ills.

⁂

Seth Crawford, 17 years old, colored, killed his stepfather, Billy Crawford, in Henry county, Ills., while the latter was beating his wife, the boy's mother.

Giles Blount, miner, of Minersville; Joseph Stanick, laborer, of Mine Hill Gap, and Paul Alex, laborer, of Delaware, were drowned by a rush of water from an abandoned mine into the Oak Hill mine at Delaware, Pa.

Judge Ney, of the Delaware county (Ia.) district court, has refused to enjoin the board of supervisors from building a new court house, for which, at a recent special election, it was voted to use $40,000 in the county treasury.

Ex-Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, received messages of congratulation on his 80th birthday from friends in Des Moines and elsewhere.

Miss Annie D. Hallock, school teacher in Bridgeport, Conn., saved one boy and three men from drowning at the risk of her own life.

Remains of five Aztec towns which formerly had a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand have been discovered near Eddy, N. M.

⁂

Two women named Williamson and Alexander were drowned in the Tombigbee river at McCary's Ferry, Ala., while attempting to rescue the child of the latter.

Joseph Cohn, a clothing dealer at Decatur, Ills., for the last twenty years, has failed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Imboden of Decatur, Ills., celebrated their golden wedding. Each is 76 years old.

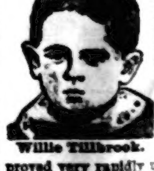
Cyrus Myars, a restaurant proprietor of Logansport, Ind., committed suicide.

Mrs. O. E. Bronston of Atchison, Kan., has been setting type for forty-three years. She learned her trade in her father's office, in Newport, Ky., beginning when she was 12 years old.

John Stangel, a farmer living near Kansas City, was killed, with his 6-year-old son, by a tree falling on them.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:


Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription	$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Single Copies	05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each	2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
The Kendals.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
Russell's Comedians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
"The Fails [illegible]tomimists."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
"The Black Crook."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—
Felix Morris.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"Wang."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"Starlight."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

> "It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
> Alone can make the English reel,
> But wisdom working day by day
> Till comes the time for passion's sway;
> The patient dint and powder shock
> Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
> —*Thomas Davis.*

"THE CITIZEN" AND THE NEW YEAR.

On Saturday, Jan. 6, 1894, The Citizen will enter on the thirteenth year of its existence, with high hope and bright prospects for the future. During the period of its being, it has had hard battles to fight, and many difficulties to overcome. It has fought and won its battles, and it has conquered its difficulties. It has ever presented a determined front to the enemies of Irish independence, and of American prosperity. Unlike most other Irish-American journals, it has not gone with the stream but against it. Occasionally, it has had to combat the fierce and traditional political prejudices of many of its own supporters. It has led, not followed. It has fought Whiggery in Ireland and English Free Trade in America. Had all the Irish forces united with it, Ireland would have Home Rule today, and the workingmen of America, whose cause it has constantly advocated, would not be in a condition of distress, bordering on utter destitution.

If The Citizen had consulted simply its selfish interests, it would have deserted Parnell in the hour of his despair, and it would have given its support to the Free Trade principles which made Grover Cleveland, for the second time, President of the United States. But it stood by Parnell and fought Free Trade, (or the nearest approach to it that Grover Cleveland and his chief advisers dare present to the people), which now seems to be triumphant in America. But the hand-writing is on the wall of history for both these idols, "with fronts of brass and feet of clay." The duty of a free and untrammeled press is to do battle for the right, no matter what may be the consequences. The editor who sacrifices principles to his subscription list is unworthy to be an editor.

And, after all, the honest heart of the people is with the paper that dares to be in the right, with the minority, rather than hurrah, in the wrong, with the majority. This has been the experience of The Citizen. Notwithstanding the efforts of base ingrates, political bigots, jealous fools and discharged employes, to curb its power, and damage its interests, it "holds the field," disdaining compromise, and faithful to every principle of Irish freedom and American prosperity that it has advocated from the first.

When a haughty, irritated and powerful press sought to fix upon a whole people, or at least on one of the representative Irish organizations, the stigma of a crime that has startled the world, The Citizen, undeterred by the epithets hurled at its editor, by its return fire, made the daily press understand that there was at least one Irish-American paper that could not be brow beaten into acquiescing in the infamous libel. The Citizen believed the Irish people and the Irish organizations guiltless of the crime, with which it was sought to brand them. It said so at the time, and what it said has come to pass. Guided by the decision of the Supreme Court of the State in the remanding of the case now on trial, even the prosecution has admitted that there was no conspiracy in any Irish society to commit the crime. The Citizen had faith in the honor of the Irish people, and in the humanity and patriotism of the Irish societies, as a body, and that belief has been fully vindicated.

Although Home Rule has been checked by the action of the House of Lords, and been relegated to a backward place by Gladstone and his Whig confreres, there is hope for Ireland in the attitude of her young men, who are mostly independent in their politics. The present state of inertion cannot last long. Even the most conservative wing of the McCarthy section of the Irish party seems to be stirred to indignation by the treacherous policy of the Whig government in lending the police to the landlords for the purpose of carrying out evictions in all parts of Ireland. The cause of Home Rule is at a standstill, but has not gone an inch backward. All that is needed is a masterful leader, like the late Charles Stewart Parnell, under whom all can unite, close the divided ranks, like an army marching to battle, and continue the fight with the vigor that characterized the struggle only a few years ago. The Citizen takes a hopeful view of the case, and considers that the existence of the Redmond section of the Irish party, small in numbers as it is, promises well for an independent policy which can, at any time deemed judicious, force the Whig ministry to fulfill its pledges to the Irish people or resign.

In America, all the signs point to a reversal of the popular verdict of 1892. Grover Cleveland is no longer the idol of the Northern Democracy, and particularly the working element. His unpatriotic action in Hawaii, and elsewhere, has offended the national pride, and the paralysis of the manufacturing industries of the country has filled men of all parties with dread of the future. Whatever reputation for statesmanship Mr. Cleveland acquired during his first term, he has completely lost during the few months of his second incumbency. The Wilson tariff bill is a cowardly batch of compromises, which satisfies nobody. It gives the lie direct to the Democratic national platform of 1892, and grudgingly endorses the Republican platform of rational protection to American industries, which alone can guarantee living wages to the American artisan and laborer. But America is a great country, and can survive a vast amount of misgovernment. The Citizen believes that the skies of the coming years will brighten, and that prosperity will soon again smile on the great republic. The Citizen, having greatly increased its subscription list, during 1893, bids the old year a grateful farewell, and hails the new with a confidence born of well-earned success.

MAYOR HOPKINS INAUGURATED.

The Hon. John P. Hopkins was sworn in and inaugurated as mayor of Chicago on Wednesday evening. There was a very large attendance. Mayor Swift introduced his successor in brief but fitting terms. Mayor Hopkins delivered a short but well considered speech and pledged himself to municipal reform and the abolition of grade crossings. His remarks were loudly cheered. At the conclusion of his speech, business was proceeded with. The new mayor retained the gavel, as presiding officer, and handled it like a man who intended not to resign it into other hands, as had been suggested by some of the daily papers. His first display of authority, as president of the council, produced a favorable impression. The chief business transacted was the passage of the Northwestern "L" road ordinance. Before retiring from the chair, ex-Mayor Swift announced, that, according to Expert Kingwill's report, the deficit in the city finances amounted to $2,719,000. This certainly is not a cheerful condition of things for the new mayor to face. But he seems to look upon the future hopefully. He is still young and ought to be able to carry an extraordinarily heavy load.

AN EPIDEMIC OF ANARCHY.

Anarchy seems to be as infectious as la grippe. Bomb-throwing is the actual craze of the scoundrels and madmen who would, if they could, reduce society to chaos, and gloat over the ruins they created, as Marcus did over those of Carthage. All over the European Continent fiends in human flesh are to be found who have no regard for the sanctity or safety of human life. Autocratic Russia and Republican France, the Empire of Kaiser William, as well as that of Franz Joseph, the Kingdom of Italy, and that of Spain are being terrorized by a band of dangerous desperadoes who brandish their infernal weapons—not for any noble cause, nor for any sublime principle, but for the grim satisfaction of their own savage instincts.

There are germs of ideal, if impracticable, good in socialism. The teachings of several socialists of the moderate school might, in fact, ameliorate the condition of humanity, if they could be incorporated in the laws of the various States. Anarchy, however, has no possible redeeming quality to merit the world's consideration. It has no programme save that of universal ruin, no politics save those of despair, no policy save that of murder. The Huns and Vandals of old were by no means as radical in their barbarities as are these off-scourings of our modern civilization, who do not aim at conquest, but at the annihilation of all law and order. Some of them like Vaillant of Paris, are content to run the risk of killing or maiming themselves in their abominable efforts to kill and maim their fellow citizens. Others are cowardly enough to attach lighted fuses to bombs and escape under cover of the night—leaving behind them their dying or dead victims under the scattered roofs of the buildings which have gone upward to destruction like so many skyrockets. Bengalee baboos are as mild as treacle compared with these "Christian" cutthroats.

A radical disease in the human body always needs a radical remedy. So it is, also, with the national body afflicted, as it is, with a violent malady, the extirpation of which from the system can only be effected by severe measures. What these measures may be is now a question that is exercising the minds of several eminent European statesmen. Unfortunately it is not possible to expect that the various countries on the other side of the Atlantic will enter into an international compact for the suppression of anarchy. Petty jealousies would be, moreover, so many obstacles to the success of such a project, if it ever came to be adopted; for France has no desire to assist in ridding Germany of her anarchists any more than Germany has to offer the services of her policemen to France. The Triple Alliance on the one hand, and the Franco-Russian alliance on the other, will never combine for the permanent suppression of lawlessness. Between them both the anarchist can dance with impunity to the music of a dynamite orchestra, and revel in the blood that follows the trail of his footsteps. Europe is verily in a bad condition just now.

POOR DEVIL DENNEHY.

The Citizen is indebted to the *Munster Express* for the name of the unwholesome author of the "Story of the United Irishmen," which has been appearing in the *Orange* (not Irish) *Catholic*, of Dublin, from week to week, for some time. It is, according to the *Express*, one W. F. Dennehy. The Citizen did not for a moment suspect, when it criticised the base attack on the memory of Wolfe Tone, which appeared in the *Orange Catholic* some months since, that the redhead of Mr. Dennehy would "bob up serenely from below," as the author of the villainous diatribe. In a recent number of the *Orange Catholic*, Mr. Dennehy pays his respects to the editor of The Citizen, using all the old taunts of "Loyal Mike" Davitt, and others, relative to his alleged prudence as an Irish revolutionist. These sneers are very old, and very contemptible, and Mr. Dennehy is not a good hand at revamping them. Our reputation for valor, or the reverse, does not trouble us. If we had to appear before a jury, in regard to courage, or cowardice, we would name the American regular army as the venire from which it should be drawn, not the despicable pious fraud class to which Mr. Dennehy belongs. His "valor," at least is indisputable. It is that of a ghoul. He goes around with his rusty literary spade digging up the bones of the patriot dead, in order that he may vomit his Orange Catholic bile upon them. Perhaps we need not be too severe on this poor devil of a Dennehy. We are credibly informed that he is laboring under an incurable disease—one, in fact, which stands alone in medical annals—cancer of the brain.

THE RELATIONS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

There appears to be some danger of an armed conflict between the kindred kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, at present bound together by the "link" of a common crown, although each country is free and independent, with the exception of being governed by the same king. In foreign affairs, Sweden has the guiding hand, but, when relations with foreign states are of importance to the interests of Norway, a Norwegian councillor of state is called into consultation by the king and the Swedish minister for foreign affairs. Diplomatic expenses are borne by the two countries in proportion. There is also an alliance defensive and offensive in time of war, by which the two nations are bound to aid each other against all foreign states. This arrangement has existed since 1814–'15. Previous to that period, Norway was mostly allied with Denmark. What was known as the Calmar Union was formed with Sweden toward the end of the fourteenth century, but this was broken at the beginning of the sixteenth, and the country remained more or less under Danish rule and influence until the new arrangement was made with Sweden at the peace of 1814. With the growth of prosperity and commercial extension, the Norwegians have continued to grow restive under the Swedish crown, and now affairs between the two countries seem to be approaching a crisis. The London *Times* of recent date, commenting on the gravity of the situation, says:

"If the coming elections in Norway result in a large and militant radical majority the conservative ministry will be bound to retire. The king will find himself face to face with the necessity of accepting the radical interpretation of the act of union, thereby surrendering the unity in foreign policy, upon which the alliance of the two kingdoms rests, or of enforcing the Swedish recording of the act. Against the manifest determination of the Norwegian people, Sweden, it appears, is prepared to use force. The Swedes, who were at first apathetic, have been roused to such a pitch of exasperation that it will take little to goad them to action. The king is confident of the support of the Swedes, and he will not surrender the Norwegian crown nor sacrifice the union which he believes to be indispensable to the safety and prosperity of both Sweden and Norway. The first shot fired by Sweden will rally the Norwegian radicals and conservatives shoulder to shoulder in defense of their common nationality. Despite the superiority of her military resources, Sweden would find it a hard task to reduce Norway to subjection, and harder still to keep her in subjection. If the sentiment of the Swedes compels the king to unsheath the sword, the European powers who are sponsors of the union ought to intervene, armed with a European mandate as in 1814. Sweden might act within limits, leading to an arrangement for the avoidance of a war crisis. Opinion in Norway is, in the meantime, raised on only two issues—union and monarchy or separation and a republic. But among the contingencies acute observers detect a third course—the creation of a throne in Norway, with Prince Waldemar, youngest son of the king of Denmark, as king."

The Norwegians are quite as warlike as the Swedes, and a war between the two peoples would, no doubt, prove a stubborn and a bloody one. It is pretty generally conceded that the Norwegians and Danes furnished most of the bold sea rovers who invaded Scotland, England, Ireland and Northern France in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries. The modern Norwegians have not degenerated as sailors. The mariners of Norway are known in every part of the globe. On land, the Swedes made more of a martial record than their neighbors, furnishing three great warrior kings—one of them adopted—to European history, namely, Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North; Charles XII and Bernadotte, the most fortunate of Napoleon's marshals. The outcome of the controversy now raging will be watched with absorbing interest by the whole world.

THE COOKE BREWING CO'S TRIUMPH

The Cooke Brewing Company, of which our friend John S. Cooke is president, has just cause to be proud of the record it has made in the recent World's Fair competition. It competed against the world, and won seven of the highest awards, with medals. The jury which decided on the awards was composed of four Germans and one Englishman, and its verdict was sustained by the government analysis of the purity of American-made beers. The Cooke Company has, indeed, reason to be proud of its victory. As an Irish-American firm it has shown capacity to compete with those of other elements whose fame for beer-making is hereditary. The Citizen heartily congratulates the Cooke Company on its triumph.

THE DUKE OF KERRY.

Should Lord Lansdowne, the late British governor-general of Canada, be promoted to the dukedom, as current report says he will, he intends to take the title of his native county, which is Kerry. Lansdowne, who in his capacity as Irish landlord has carried out more evictions than most of his fellow-scapegraces, will be a degenerate successor to several of those lords of the kingdom who, in the brave days of old, drew their swords gallantly in defense of their patrimony against the belted knights of the English Pale. The Fitzmaurices were lords of Kerry for several centuries. Though originally Normans, like their kindred, the Geraldines, they were almost from the hour of their landing on the shores of the Emerald Isle, an independent and warlike sept. Later on they became the fierce foes of Saxon aggression. The fourth lord of Kerry died in prison for having taken part with the native Irish in a rebellion against English rule. During the reign of Queen Bess, the representatives of the Fitzmaurice family waged war at the head of their clans on the English Pale. Dublin Castle itself was near being captured by these daring cavaliers, the leader of whom, however, was subsequently driven out of Kerry by Elizabeth's minions, and excluded from every act of grace issued during the reign of the Virgin Queen. James I, however, restored the rebel peer to his estates.

That noble blood often becomes degenerate and putrid in the course of centuries is one of those patent facts of history which cannot be denied. Debauch and dissipation have wrecked the moral worth and physical capacities of many a formerly sturdy stock, the latter-day descendants of which are as pigmies compared with the giants whose names they bear. The present head of the House of Kerry may or may not have his brow decked with the ducal strawberry leaves; but no amount of leaves will make a patriotic Irishman out of a confirmed flunkey.

From statistics just published, the number of Irish immigrants who arrived in this country from Jan. 1 to Dec. 15, of this year, is 29,894. Of the 50,000 persons who left Ireland in 1892 more than 91 per cent landed in New York and other Eastern ports. These facts prove that Ireland is being still most cruelly depopulated. If this drain on her life blood continues in its present alarming proportions, she will have only four millions of inhabitants in 1900—a trifle less than the entire population of London. What a transformation from the Ireland of 1843—fifty years ago—when her people numbered nearly nine millions. Lady Wilde's prophecy in the old *Irishman* that a million a decade were leaving and would leave Ireland so long as she was cursed by alien rule, has, unfortunately, become literally true.

The Cronin-Coughlin murder case still drags on its wearisome length in the Criminal court, before Judge Tuthill. Mrs. Foy's testimony was the only departure from the regulation monotony. She is, quite evidently, not dead in love with her husband at present. Judge Wing's cross-examination was severe and exhaustive. There appears to be no prospect of this trial coming to an end for several weeks yet.

Mr. Joseph Edward Fitzgerald Morrison, youngest son of the Hon. and Mrs. A. L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, N.M., passed a very creditable examination in open court recently, before the Hon. E.P. Seeds, justice of the Supreme court of New Mexico, and a committee of attorneys appointed for the purpose, and was admitted to the bar. Mr. Morrison, within a few weeks, will go to Prescott, Arizona, to go into practice with his brother, the Hon. Robert Emmet Morrison, who was elected judge a few years ago, and, in November, 1892, prosecuting attorney of the district. The Citizen is glad to learn of the marked success of the worthy sons of a patriotic sire and mother.

The bulk of the Irish immigrants to this country at present are laborers and domestic servants. Of the 25,000 males who came hither in 1892, 19,000 were hewers of wood and drawers of water; while there were only 118 mechanics! Among the 25,492 females, almost 19,000 were returned as servants, and only 1,769 as housekeepers.

Austria is about to increase her army. Whereupon France purposes following suit, and increasing hers, too. So the uniformed war dogs of Europe are to obtain additional recruits to their already bloated ranks. That continent will soon become an armed camp.

And so Utah will at last be admitted to our sisterhood of States! We wonder how will "Ole Virginny," Massachusetts and other professedly blue-blooded communities like this innovation. Will they permit the immoral stench of Mormonism to come betwixt the wind and their nobility?

The death is announced of Major Guyon, who took such a prominent part under Louis Kossuth in the Hungarian revolution of 1848–'49. The deceased officer, who was Irish born, belonged to an old French Huguenot family that settled in Dublin several centuries ago, after they had been driven from their native land by religious persecution. Major Guyon was a brave and devoted soldier of liberty. He abandoned the Austrian service, in which he had won his spurs, for the Hungarian when Hungary rebelled against the Austrian yoke, and was one of those who had to take refuge in Turkey after the suppression of that rebellion.

The only logical solution of the Hawaii imbroglio is the establishment of a Hawaiian republic, under the protectorate of the United States. The latter proviso is absolutely necessary in view of the fact that if Hawaii were unprotected John Bull would flirt with the little lady, and annex her afterwards. John's maw is a most covetous one.

There is something very mysterious about the recent dynamite scare in Dublin. It is quite possible that the detectives themselves are playing the role of embryo dynamiters in order to frighten English public opinion into keeping the gates closed on John Daly and his unfortunate fellow captives. As long as even attempted explosions are the order of the day in the Irish capital, so long shall the Irish political prisoners remain in bondage.

The great English strike, recently concluded, has cost the miners $20,000,000, while the ironworkers suffered a loss of double that sum. Capitalists were equally unfortunate. On the whole it is computed that it has mulcted England in the sum of $150,000,000. A few more of such gigantic strikes, and the British Crœsus may possibly become a bankrupt and beggar.

Mr. John Augustus O'Shea is out in a new literary role. He purposes obtaining from Rome the first proofs of every encyclical that the Pope may write, and supplying the British newspapers with a translation thereof before it is published on the continent. O'Shea's first effort in this line was his translation of Leo's recent encyclical on the study of Holy Scripture.

The Irish Literary Society has at present under discussion the project of starting a high class Irish magazine devoted to the cause of Celtic and cognate literature. Such a periodical would supply a long-felt want. If it does come to life, The Citizen will wish it every success.

You Can Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

MR. BARRY AGAIN HEARD FROM.

[*The Citizen assumes no responsibility for the sentiments of correspondents.*]

[*To the Editor.*]

There is one plain maxim to which I have invariably adhered through life: that in every question, in which my liberty or my property were concerned, I should consult and be governed by the dictates of common-sense. I confess that I am apt to distrust the refinements of learning, because I have seen the ablest and the most learned men equally liable to deceive themselves and others. The condition of human nature would be lamentable, indeed, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fall to the share of so small a number of men, were sufficient to direct our judgment and our conduct. But Providence, has taken better care of our happiness, and given us, in the simplicity of common-sense, a rule for our direction by which we never shall be misled, if it is followed.

Father O'Mahony gave an parallelogram, or rhamboid description of Mother Ireland; but the opposite sides were only parallel—Mother Ireland and the bishop. Now, I will attempt to describe Ireland in an equilateral triangle, which has its three sides equal; and I will commence with the failure of Robert Emmet, who was born in Dublin in the year 1782, and was the son of Dr. Emmet, for many years state physician in Dublin. Emmet was molded in nature's happiest form for the destined service. He possessed the physical qualities necessary for an accomplished speaker, with high intellect to master and employ knowledge, with imagination and feeling to sway the passions and command the heart; with the power of incessant labor to collect, discipline, and perfect the valued materials of revolutionary measures. He was eminently calculated for the task which he had undertaken;—yet he failed. Had success depended upon the worth of one man, Robert Emmet would now have been hailed as the liberator of his country. All of Emmet's plans and points of defense were in the government's hands forty-eight hours after they had been made known to his colleagues. Did the bishops and priests of Ireland lend their aid to the movement? Next is 1848; did they assist this movement? Did they assist in 1859? We must put the blame where it belongs. With all due respect to Father O'Mahony, and to his charitable illustration of Bishop Moriarty's language, he did not mention the informer Massey. Those words were meant for the Fenians—not for informers,—and no man can make me believe otherwise. I heard the words spoken, and I ought to be able to judge, as well as persons who were only told some time afterwards, of Bishop Moriarty's intentions. He who is not for me must be against me. All of these three attempts to liberate Ireland failed; yet Father O'Mahony would suggest to have them once more go hare-hunting. Mr. Parnell, after years of struggle, succeeded in running down the hare; he even killed it, skinned it, and put it in the pot to cook, and suddenly the cook told all his help "don't any of you light a fire in that stove as long as that hare is in it, for if you do I will put fire to your heels and toes," and consequently the hare had to be thrown away at the bidding of the cook, although there were a few men who took a piece of the hare and ate it raw; and these men were denounced as cannibals for doing it.

Look at the condition of the farmers of Ireland. When Mr. Parnell came to the surface they were all in debt to their landlords. They went on their knees when he appeared to them; he came over here begging in their behalf, and sent them thousands of dollars; he raised them from the level of slaves to imagine themselves independent men; he got their rents reduced; he even went to jail for them. What was the return? The first time he asked them to support him against the man that put him in jail, they voted against him and for his jailer, at the bidding of men who opposed Mr. Parnell when he first commenced to fight their battles.

What can you expect from such men?—men who threw lime in his eyes. Oh, God! the Indians are gentlemen compared to such clods. Experience taught me to give up the idea of liberating Ireland by physical force. If you send men and arms from here, it will be another case of the Jackall's landing in Dungarvan, county Waterford. The peelers and the goat were there to receive them when they landed, and take them to jail. Blood will tell; and it is only the best blood in the country, or in any country, that can liberate it by physical force. No doubt if you had 100,000 men like Father O'Mahony, they would put the crown of liberty on Ireland's head; but you cannot find them. Some one will be found to give the whole thing away; they will have to value two things before they get their liberty—to be true to themselves, and drink less whisky. I have had the pleasure of knowing the late John Boyle O'Reilly, and I am well acquainted with all his writings. He was an Irishman of the first water; he was a man of infinite jest, and of most excellent fancy. Poems don't do any good; they are poor stuff for liberating a country. This, sir, is my last letter on this subject, and I advise all Irishmen to give up the idea of physical force ever doing any good for Ireland. Parnell showed them the true way, and they killed him.

M. H. Barry.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

NOW READ THIS,

And Don't Thrust It Aside Because You Think You Know it All Yourself—Important Information for Democrats Who Walk in Darkness.

Father Lambert's Able Newspaper Publishes a Masterful Letter on the Growth and Influence of Knownothingism—It was Mainly of Southern Birth and Residence.

[*Catholic Times, Philadelphia, Dec. 9.*]

To the Editor of the Catholic Times—I read with no little amusement the communication of "Virginian" in the last issue of the *Catholic Times*. In it he makes the claim that to the Democratic party in general, and to the State of Virginia in particular, are to be accorded the honor and the glory of annihilating that narrow and un-American movement commonly called Knownothingism. This claim has been made again and again *usque ad nauseam* in the interests of the Democratic party and of that section of the country where Democracy and Knownothingism have been most rampant. It has been put forward with "damnable iteration" by orators who aspired to fire the Irish-American and Catholic heart, and to teach the benighted "foreigner" that it was owing to the liberal policy and the unswerving championship of that party those of foreign birth enjoy today so freely and so fully the rights and privileges of American citizenship. It is one of the most clearly defined dogmas in the Irish-American's political creed, and is handed down with jealous care and loving interest from generation to generation. He is taught to regard with suspicious eye the Republican party as the party of bigotry and Knownothingism, to regard with a feeling of distrust, and often of aversion, any one of the race who would dare to support that party. In the campaign of 1888, when there was danger of defection from the Irish-American ranks in New York State Senator Vest, of Missouri, and Mr. Mills, of Texas, in their speeches at Tammany Hall, insisted that it was the Democratic party which put down the Knownothing movement. In the same campaign Judge Thurman, in his Chicago speech, said: "Some years ago this country was greatly agitated by a party called the Knownothing party. It was a party to whom the Irishman was an abomination of abominations. And if he were a Catholic Irishman he was the accursed of the earth. But now, strange to say, these men, who a few years ago were Knownothings, are seeking to court what is called the Irish [illegible], to get the Irishman to vote against the men who stood by them in defense of the right." And in 1802 the lieutenant-governor of New York State, Mr. William F. Sheehan, arraigned the Republican party as follows in his comments on Mr. Blaine's speech at Ophir Farm: "The Republican party is the party of Knownothingism, and the Irish-Americans know well that it has always been inimical to Irish (sic) interests." Evidently this style of harangue is part of the stock-in-trade of Democratic politicians, and this charge has been put forward by them so often and so persistently that it is to be charitably supposed they now believe it themselves. If not ignorant of political history themselves, they take for granted that their audiences generally are.

It is a sturdy old lie, and manifests wonderful vitality in its old age. "Time cannot wither it nor custome stale its infinite variety," and it has as decided an objection to "down" as Banquo's ghost. It is not to be wondered at that "Virginian" should follow in the beaten track and with this twice-told tale vex again the weary ear. But he should have followed the example of asseveration set by the Democratic orators mentioned and not have proceeded, with strange fatuity, to appeal to history in support of his statement. He says: "It is an absolute historical fact that in the North the opponents of the Knownothings were on the defensive, while in the South the Democratic leaders took the aggressive side and attacked the 'dark lantern' people without mercy, and by common consent the question of the life of the Knownothings was left for the State of Virginia to settle at the State election of 1855. By that election the Native Americans as a party ceased to be a factor in American politics."

This is as charming piece of ignorance of historical facts—absolute or otherwise—as I have ever come across. It would be a tough morsel even for a Tammany Hall audience to digest. "Virginian's" faith in the prowess of his own State to settle a question, which later on assumed the importance of a national issue, and for many years afterwards disturbed the whole South—and the South only—is of the kind that moves mountains. If Knownothingism was killed by the election of Henry A. Wise in the Virginia State election of 1855, why did it become a prominent issue in the Presidential issue of 1856, and why did the State of Virginia at that election give one of the largest votes for the Knownothing candidate, Millard Fillmore? If Knownothingism "ceased to be a factor" in 1855, why did Virginia cast its electoral vote in 1860 for the same party—under another name? If "the opponents of Knownothingism in the North were merely on the defensive," why did William H. Seward, Lincoln's Republican Secretary of State, solemnly declare in a speech in Rochester, N.Y., his intention to kill the Knownothing party—a declaration which was cheered to the echo by a Republican audience—and why did he succeed? And, *e converso*, why did Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, fail?

"Virginian" "has appealed to Cæsar and to Cæsar he shall go." At the risk of trespassing upon your space let me quote some historical facts, which shall, I hope, be devoid of the absoluteness claimed by "Virginian" for his. By them it will be shown beyond all cavil that the South was the stronghold of Knownothingism. "Encouraged by its brilliant initiation into State politics," says the Cyclopædia of Political Science, "the order (American) began preparations for a campaign as a national party in 1856, hoping for a support from all who were tired of agitation either for or against slavery. On Feb. 19, 1856, a secret grand coucil of delegates met at Philadelphia, and after a stormy session of three days adopted on Feb. 21 a platform in sixteen propositions, the principal (as far as this question is concerned) being as follows: (3) 'Americans must rule America, and to this end native born citizens should be selected for all State, Federal and municipal offices.' (9) 'A change in the laws of naturalization, making a continued residence of twenty-one years necessary for future citizenship.'" On this platform Millard Fillmore, of New York, was nominated for President, and Andrew Jackson Donelson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President.

Let us contrast the attitude of the South and of the North in that election. Subjoined are the tables giving the total vote cast in each State, the Knownothing vote and the percentage of that party's vote compared with the total vote. They are an interesting study for those who have blindly believed that the South was the pronounced enemy of Knownothingism, and that "to it"—to use the fervid rhetoric of "Virginian"—"belongs the credit of placing to the front men who were brave enough to stand up and fight a winning battle for the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience, and that no change should be made in the naturalization laws." Let the members of the Democratic party who have blindly accepted the statements of men like Vest and Thurman and Sheehan see for themselves whether the strength of Knownothingism lay in the North or in the South, in Republican or in Democratic States. The tables used are those prepared by the Librarian of Congress:

1856.	Total Vote.	Fillmore (Amer.)	Per Cent.	Elec. Vote.
Alabama	77,291	28,552	.37	Dem
Arkansas	32,607	10,787	.32	Dem
Deleware	14,881	6,175	.42	Dem
Florida	11,191	4,833	.43	Dem
Georgia	98,806	42,228	.42	Dem
Kentucky	142,372	67,416	.47	Dem
Louisiana	42,878	20,709	.48	Dem
Maryland	86,856	47,460	.54	Amer
Mississippi	59,641	24,195	.40	Dem
Missouri	106,698	48,524	.45	Dem
N.Carolina	85,132	36,886	.43	Dem
Tennessee	139,816	66,178	.47	Dem
Texas	46,808	15,639	.33	Dem
Virginia	150,307	60,310	.40	Dem
S. Carolina*	......	......	....	Dem
Total Percentage			5.93	
Average			.42	

*Electors chosen by Legislature.

1856.	Total Vote.	Fillmore (Amer.)	Per Cent.	Elec. Vote.
California	110,221	36,165	.32	Dem
Connecticut	80,325	2,615	.03	Rep
Illinois	238,981	37,444	.11	Dem
Indiana	235,431	22,386	.09	Dem
Iowa	89,304	9,180	.10	Rep
Maine	109,784	3,325	.03	Rep
Massachusetts	167,056	19,626	.11	Rep
Michigan	124,858	1,660	.01	Rep
New Hampshire	71,556	422	.005	Rep
New Jersey	99,396	24,115	.24	Dem
New York	506,480	124,604	.20	Rep
Ohio	386,497	28,126	.07	Rep
Pennsylvania	460,326	82,175	.17	Dem
Rhode Island	19,822	1,675	.08	Rep
Vermont	50,675	545	.01	Rep
Wisconsin	119,512	579	.004	Rep
Total Percentage			1.579	
Average Percentage			.09	

How small is the percentage of the Knownothing vote in the Northern and Republican states; how large in the Southern and Democratic! "The first wave of the Republican tide from the West had washed nativism almost out of New England." Three years later, on the meeting of the Thirty-sixth Congress, this party became almost a "Border" or "South" American party, having two senators, one each from Kentucky and Maryland, and 23 representatives, as follows: Kentucky 5, Tennessee 7, Maryland 3, Virginia 1, North Carolina 4, Georgia 2, and Louisiana 1.

In 1860 appears the Constitutional Union party. It was the same "American" party under another name, and was supported by the same element. *The southerners, mostly representative of the still surviving Native American sentiment* (italics are mine), desired to nominate Sam Houston, of Texas, while the old Whigs of the North did not relish such a candidacy." [Stanwood's "History of Presidential Elections."] John Bell, of Tennessee, was nominated for president and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for vice-president. Appended are the tables giving the total vote, the "Constitutional Union" or "Knownothing" vote, and the percentage.

1860.	Total Vote.	Bell Con Union.	Per Ct.	Elec Vote
Alabama	90,307	27,825	.30	Dem
Arkansas	54,053	20,094	.37	Dem
Delaware	16,019	3,864	.24	Dem
Florida	14,347	5,437	.37	Dem
Georgia	106,365	42,886	.40	Dem
Kentucky	146,216	66,058	.45	C. U.
Lousiana	50,510	20,201	.40	Dem
Maryland	92,502	41,760	.45	Dem
Mississippi	69,120	25,040	.36	Dem
Missouri	165,518	58,372	.35	Dem
North Carolina	96,030	44,990	.46	Dem
Tennessee	145,333	69,274	.47	C. U.
Texas	62,986	15,438	.24	Dem
Virginia	167,223	74,681	.44	C. U.
South Carolina*	......	......	...	Dem
Total percentage			6.30	
Average			.37	

*Electors chosen by legislature.

1860.	Total Vote.	Bell Con Union.	Per Ct.	Elec Vote
California	118,840	6,817	.05	Rep
Connecticut	77,146	3,290	.01	Rep
Illinois	338,693	3,913	.01	Rep
Indiana	272,143	5,306	.02	Rep
Iowa	128,331	1,763	.01	Rep
Maine	97,918	2,046	.02	Rep
Massachusetts	169,175	22,331	.13	Rep
Michigan	154,747	405	.002	Rep
Minnesota	34,799	62	.001	Rep
New Hampshire	66,953	441	.006	Rep
New Jersey	121,125	......	...	Dem
New York	675,156	......	....	Rep
Ohio	442,441	12,194	.02	Rep
Oregon	12,410	183	.01	Rep
Pennsylvania	476,442	12,776	.02	Rep
Rhode Island	19,951	......	...	Rep
Vermont	42,844	218	.005	Rep
Wisconsin	152,180	161	.001	Rep
Total percentage			.345	
Average percentage .019, or nearly			.02	

Can any unprejudiced person resist the conclusions to be deduced from the foregoing tables? From them it is plain that almost the entire strength of the Knownothing party lay in the Southern States. In them, in the election of 1856, 42 votes in every 100—that is, almost one-half—were Knownothings, whereas only 9 in every 100 cast their votes for the candidate of that party in the North. Maryland cast its electoral vote for Fillmore, and Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Louisiana and Virginia gave him almost as large a vote as Buchanan's, while the Republican candidate polled in the fourteen Southern States, including Delaware, only 1,194 votes. In ten of these he did not get so much as one vote.

In 1860 the Knownothing vote in the South underwent no appreciable diminution, whereas in the North it almost completely died out. Bell received 37 out of every 100 votes cast in the Southern States. Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky cast their electoral votes for him, and Maryland failed to do so only by a meagre margin of 722 votes. He was defeated by less than 4,000 votes in each of the States of Arkansas, Delaware, North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, and in only two Southern States, Mississippi and Texas, was he defeated by more than 10,000. On the other hand (so small was his vote in the North—2 in every 100) the total Knownothing vote of the eighteen Northern States, including Minnesota and Oregon, which had been admitted to the Union since 1856, was not as large as that vote in the State of Virginia alone! Then came the civil war, and that party, of which Horace Greeley said in his hey-day of success that it seemed "as devoid of the elements of persistence as an anti-cholera or anti-potato rot party would be," was blotted out forever.

The question now arises: With what party did these Knownothings affiliate after the election of 1860? The two per cent in the North may have gone into either the Republican or Democratic party without dominating its councils. Let us be impartial and award one per cent to each. But whither could the thirty-seven per cent in the South turn for refuge? Not to the Republican party, for there was none there at that time to join, and outside the negro population there has been very little there since. There seems, therefore, to be no escape from the conclusion that in the ranks not of the Republican, but of the Democratic party, the Knownothings of the South found a home and an abiding place.

It is more than passing strange that the charge of Knownothingism should ever have been made against the Republican party. The convention of 1856, the first ever held, said:

"*Resolved*, That we invite the affiliation and co-operation of all the men of all parties, however differing from us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared; and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the Constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens, we oppose all prescriptive legislation affecting their security."

The convention of 1860, which nominated Lincoln, passed this resolution:

"That the Republican party is opposed to any change in our naturalization laws or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired, and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home and abroad."

The convention of 1864 passed a resolution "that foreign immigration should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy."

This communication is not in the interest of any party, but of truth. It is a protest against those cunning demagogues who, with a pretended zeal for the welfare of my own race, but in reality to subserve their own selfish ends, strive by a perversion of historical facts to inflame their minds unjustly against a party which, whatever be its shortcomings, is a party of freedom and progress and the rights of man. J. C.

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

[*Washington Star.*]

The poverty of American musical genius was strikingly apparent Thanksgiving Day. Wherever Thanksgiving services were held—and there were such in the great majority of Protestant churches throughout the United States—choirs and congregations sang fervently the words of the finest of our patriotic hymns to the air of "God Save the Queen." In the hymnals which of all books should be honest—the tune is called "America," but the change of name merely gives to the theft the doubtful quality of boldness, and parallels the act of the dog-stealer who provides a valuable capture with a new cognomen and another tag. Many residents of this country are entirely ignorant of the tune's origin, and this number will naturally increase until by and by it will be claimed that Great Britain stole its national air from us, and then there will be a row. But the open larceny of "God Save the Queen" is not the only offense of that sort. Francis Scott Key wrote his soul-thrilling poem to music that had been sung for many years previous by every glee club in England, and, although there is no comparison between "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the ancient ode, "To Anacreon in Heaven," yet the melody and harmony are undoubtedly one. Then we are given to singing a patriotic combination which we term "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," and that is the most conscienceless theft of all. Both words and music are English, with the one exception of the word "Columbia." In the original the song is "Britannia the Gem of the Ocean," and it is, although old, extremely popular in the dominions of her majesty Queen Victoria, but without experiencing a qualm we appropriated the entire production, substituted "Columbia" for "Britannia," and now sing it with as much vim as though words and music had been written by one of the secretaries of our navy. These shortcomings are being discussed just now and it has been suggested that "Hail Columbia" be adopted as the national air. To any one possessed of ears that convey to the brain accurate impressions of sound the proposition will seem almost ridiculous. Aside from the fact that the melody is Italian in its origin is the consideration that it is jiggy of movement and absurdly unfit. Its harmonies are crude and thin. There is a total absence of anything like dignity or warmth. It is not worthy to be mentioned in the same hour with the Austrian "Hymn to the Emperor" or the Russian national hymn or the songs that respectively accelerate the circulation of French and German blood. American composers—generally of lesser note—have feebly essayed to fill the void, but so far without avail. It is preferable, but not material, that the air be entirely original, but it should be within the compass of the average human voice. Too great range is the vital fault of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Had it been less altitudinous in its tendencies it would have long ago been accepted as our national air. It has been charged that the tune of "God Save the Queen" is German in its origin; if the allegation be true it is not important, for the air has no place in German musical history. Our misdemeanor consists in having taken the distinctively national air of Great Britain and promulgated it as our own. Why can we not have an American national air? Does the almighty dollar hamper inspiration?

A LEARNED ASS

Brays Profoundly Relative to the Alleged Decadence of Irish Literary Talent, Before a Dublin Society.

Mr. O'Neill Russell, Stirred to Indignation, Raises Up His Voice and Trims the Animal's Ears.

DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—I intended that this letter should be entirely taken up with a description of the splendid new library and museum that have recently been opened to the public in this city; but within the last few days a certain thing has taken place which, in a national point of view, is even more important to Irish patriots than the new library and beautiful museum.

The matter to which I wish to call the particular attention of Irish-Americans in this letter is the sad fact that in spite of the much-to-be-rejoiced-at growth of the national idea among the Irish masses, there are, unfortunately, many Irishmen who call themselves nationalists, but who at the same time seem entirely dead to any Irish national feeling. The strongest and most pronounced example of the non-nationalism of that class of Irishmen was given a few days ago in this city, at a lecture given under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. This society was inaugurated some year or two ago; two, I might say three, well known and thoroughly patriotic Irishmen are its principal support, namely, Charles Gavan Duffy, Dr. Sigerson, and Mr. Douglas Hyde. There are two other well known Irish literary men connected with it, Mr. Rolleston and Standish O'Grady; their principal role seems to be the producing of books on Irish historic subjects. The last one was written by Mr. O'Grady, and is a most interesting volume entitled "Mona Reulta," or, as it is Englished, the "Bog of Stars." It is a pity that Mr. O'Grady did not take the trouble to get some one who knew Irish to put the title into correct language. It should be *Moin na Reulta*. The book contains some most interesting episodes of Irish history, particularly an account of the battle of the Curliew mountains in Connacht, where Red Hugh O'Donnell defeated the English in one of the latter years of the sixteenth century. Mr. Hyde is the president of the Irish branch of the Irish Literary Society, and if I understand it rightly, Gavan Duffy is president of the London, or headquarters, branch. As Mr. Hyde does not live in Dublin, and consequently cannot preside at all the meetings and lectures, Dr. Sigerson is the head man of the society here, and a better or more patriotic man it would be impossible to have. The society has, so far, done some excellent work in the two splendid books it has brought out, one by Thomas Davis, entitled "The Patriot Parliament of 1689," and the aforesaid "Mona Reulta" by Standish O'Grady. More books of a similar nature by Dr. Hyde and Mr. Rolleston are, I learn, soon to follow.

The Irish Literary Society gives lectures by some well known literary man every month. The first lecture of the season was given, as I have stated, a few days ago. The title of it was, if my memory serves me rightly, "The Silent Sister," meaning Ireland. The lecturer maintained that Ireland has been, in a literary sense, silent for six hundred years, and during all that time never produced a great, or as the lecturer seemed to indicate, a half-great literary man! The lecturer was not only eloquent, but apparently well up in matters connected with Ireland. His knowledge of contemporaneous English poets seems good, for he quoted largely from them, especially from Tennyson, who, although no longer living, is so recently dead that he may be called a contemporary. When the lecture was over the president, Dr. Sigerson, called on some literary men in the audience to make some remarks. Some three or four responded. They seemed, as a rule, to agree with the lecturer in what he said about Ireland not having produced a literary man or a real poet for six hundred years, for they quoted from Tennyson and Morris and, I believe, from Browning. They, like the lecturer, never as much as once mentioned the names of Moore, Davis, Lover or Mangan! Unfortunately for myself, perhaps, Dr. Sigerson asked me to say a few words. I did say them, and said them "with a vengeance." I said that I thought modern so-called Irish literary men and poetasters boycotted Moore for the some reason that modern operatic composers and noise manufacturers boycotted Irish melodies: because they couldn't compose anything like them to save their souls from everlasting torments; neither could those who despise Moore compose anything as good as the worst of his melodies, if doing so would seat them in eternal glory on the highest pinnacle of heaven.

Here was an insult of the grossest possible kind given by the lecturer to men who sang of Ireland and of her wrongs and sorrows in strains so divine that they must live as long as humanity. You can't "sit on a man" in any worse way than by ignoring him. The men who ignored Moore, who did not even think it worth their while to mention his name as a poet, were utterly unaware that they thereby committed almost as great a sin against Irish nationality as it was possible for them to commit. They have been so utterly denationalized and generally bedeviled by English literature and the English language that they have become unconscious of sinning against Ireland. The learned and gentlemanly lecturer of the evening did not, in the most remote degree, intend to say anything harsh, or anything that would vex any one. But his training and environments, unknown, perhaps, to himself, have made a thorough Englishman of him. The same thing may be said of almost all the others who addressed the meeting after the lecture. Constant dropping of even a tiny water-drop will wear a hole in the hardest rock. Constant reading of English literature will emasculate and make a snob of almost the best of Irishmen. What wonder is it that Moore should be represented in this, his native city—this city of magnificent monuments—by a horrible, dingy, dawdy, dirty statue overlooking a cesspool? What wonder is it that men here (whose honest fathers, if they could not talk Irish, at least talked *brogue*) now lisp an infernal Cockney jargon, and think they are thereby showing their good breeding? Horrible an act as it was for Red Hugh O'Donnell in one of his raids into Connacht, to kill every one who spoke only English, I believe now, Heaven forgive me! that he was right,—right from the standpoint of nationalism. T. O. R.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

VIA DOLOROSA.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

We were not born as creatures unensouled
Who lack the godly gifts of speech and reason,
And plod along unconscious of the season
That is to us joy-clad or sorrow-stoled;
But we were thought-created to unfold
Knowledge to its full-orbed magnificence
And mettled with its strength to labor thence
Seekers for veins of intellectual gold.
Genius will not do all; the ripe effect
Of effort crowns but those who persevere
Surmounting every obstacle that checked
The upward climbing path of their career,
And hoping on through trouble and suspense
To reach at last fame's starry eminence.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES KILLELEA, OF RUTLAND, ILL.

The Ottawa, Ill., *Journal* of Dec. 20 has the following: "One of Rutland's pioneer settlers, James Killelea, died last evening at 8:30 o'clock, at his residence in that town, some six miles northeast of Ottawa, at the age of 87, of old age. Mr. Killelea was a native of Ireland, and came to America when only a young man. Nearly forty years ago he located on the farm in Rutland township, where he lived until his death occurred last evening. Mr. Killelea and his family are among the best known residents of Rutland, and have an acquaintance that is not limited to that town alone. A wife and six children survive him. The funeral will take place tomorrow morning, leaving the house at 9 o'clock, and after services at St. Columba church, the interment will take place in the St. Columba cemetery." The deceased was an uncle of James Killelea, of Nashville, Tenn.; John Killelea, of Odell, Ill., and William Killelea, of Seneca, Ill.

DR. T. C. BARDEN.

THE CITIZEN regrets to announce the death of Dr. Barden, a prominent Irish Nationalist of South Boston, Mas[illegible] sad event took place on last Friday week, and on last Monday his funeral was attended by the leading Nationalists of that city. The deceased was born of Irish parents in Dorchester, in 1859, and was, therefore, a young man when he died. He was a druggist by profession, and managed a large drug store on Broadway. Dr. Barden was a leading member of the Irish-American club, and an enthusiastic supporter of the true principles of Irish nationality. His loss will be severely felt in patriotic circles.

MRS. MARGARET HOURIGAN.

Mrs. Margaret Hourigan died in Cairo, Ills., on Thursday, Dec. 21, and was buried in Calvary cemetery on the 26th inst. Mrs. Hourigan came to Chicago in 1848, and was a sister of Mr. Maurice Crean, whose wife was buried two days before. The deceased was for forty-five years a Chicago woman, a pious Catholic, and led a most exemplary life. She received all the consolations of the church, and after spending seventy-three years in acts of piety and charity was called to her reward.

MRS. JAMES M'MULLEN.

Mrs. M. A. McMullen, widow of the late James McMullen, died at her residence, on Washington boulevard, last Saturday. She was a most estimable lady, a fervent communicant of the Catholic church, and a most devoted wife and mother. The funeral occurred on Tuesday, and was strictly private, none but the family and intimate friends being in attendance. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEEGAN,
Hatter and Parade Furnisher.
Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies.
228 S. Halsted-st., Chicago. Telephone 6082.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6.
per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, December 19, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$7,261,894.55
Overdrafts		88,236.08
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
U.S. bonds on hand (par value)		200,000.00
Other bonds		196,465.00
Due from nation'l banks	$1,153,564.14	
Due from state banks and bankers	628,334.14	1,781,898.28
Real estate		32,865.00
Cash on hand		3,898,167.71
Exchanges for clearing-house		424,739.90
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$13,936,526.47

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		211,380.90
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		30,390.00
Deposits—		
Individual	$7,460,202.21	
Banks	4,189,553.36	11,649,755.57
Total		$13,936,526.47

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Ass't Cashier.
H. R. KENT, Second Ass't Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEO. E. ADAMS, ALBERT A. MUNGER,
S. B. COBB, WM. R. PAGE,
CHAS. R. CORWITH, WALTER L. PECK,
WM. A. HAMMOND, EDW. H. VALENTINE,
ROBT. E. JENKINS, GEORGE SCHNEIDER.
WM. D. KERFOOT,

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK

At the Close of Business Dec. 19, 1893

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$4,419,673.83
Overdrafts		23,098.00
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		296,181.72
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$3,216,712.06	
Due from banks	1,499,481.97	
Checks for clearings	178,899.13	
Due from U.S. Treasurer	43,250.00	
		4,938,343.16
Total		$9,637,296.71

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$500,000.00
Surplus fund		500,000.00
Undivided profits		132,672.85
Bank Notes outstanding		45,000.00
Individual deposits	$7,181,801.91	
Due Banks	1,277,821.95	
		8,459,623.86
Total		$9,637,296.71

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, ADOLPH LOEB,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

THE BLINDNESS OF VANITY.

One day a monkey chanced to look
In the clear water of a brook,
Which, like a mirror, served to trace
The features of his ugly face.
Astonished at the novel sight,
He cried aloud: "Sure, such a fright
I ne'er before have chanced to see
In all my life! What can it be?
If I had such a foolish look
As this strange monster of the brook
(Although of course he's not to blame),
I'd drown myself for very shame!
But, thanks to nature's partial grace,
I've got a different sort of face."
Just as the incident occurred,
A bear was passing by and heard
The monkey's prattle—every word.
"Come!" said the latter, who espied
His clumsy neighbor at his side.
"This way a moment: just look here
And see a brute so very queer
You'll laugh yourself to death—at least
I never saw so strange a beast!"
The bear replied: "Pray, look again.
'Tis your own image, full and plain,
That scares you so; the ears alone
Would make the picture surely known
As yours, beyond the least dispute.
'Tis clearly no outlandish brute,
But your own portrait, full and plain,
In every part. Pray, look again!"
In anger now the monkey spoke:
"Of course a bear must have his joke,
But pray be honest and admit
(Though it may hurt your pride a bit)
The image in the water there
Is yours; it is not mine, I swear!"
MORAL:
To fail their faults to recognize,
However plain to other's eyes,
Is (here's the moral) a mistake
That men as well as monkeys make.
—John G. Saxe.

PLATONIC.

Mr. Harper and Miss Kingsley were the editors of the Smoky City Independent, or rather he was the editor and she was his assistant. She edited the woman's column, gathered the fashion news and often wrote the verses for the poets' corner, and sometimes when they were short of compositors she would set a few stickfuls of type. Her position was no sinecure by any means. Smoky City was a progressive town; women voted at the school meetings, and there was some talk of nominating a lady for mayor. Of course the woman's column of The Independent must have much to say about woman suffrage and the like. Virginia Kingsley was a progressive woman; she believed in these things. So she drove her pen nearly through the bottom of her inkstand and wrote sharp things, to the admiration of the female portion of the community.

Miss Kingsley and Mr. Harper were the best of friends. They were not in love with each other. Brad Harper had never been in love, and as for Miss Kingsley she was too busy to think of such a thing. When she thought of Mr. Harper, it was as a sensible man "with no nonsense about him," and he admired her for her pluck and grit. Sometimes he said that much of the success of The Independent was due to her energy.

They were on the most comfortable terms and called each other Kingsley and Harper, with a total absence of formality. He called her Kingsley at first by mistake, for he often forgot that the busy scribbler at the other desk was not a man. He used to apologize for it and straightway repeat the offense, and she said she could not help it and that she did not mind, since it sounded so very businesslike. Just for the fun of the thing she often dropped the mister from his name.

Miss Kingsley did not object to tobacco smoke, which was a fortunate thing, since they had but one office between them, and Mr. Harper could not write unless he had a cigar in his mouth. He often felt some compunctions of conscience when the room became particularly blue with smoke, and once he said: "My dear Kingsley, I wish you would take up some horrible habit and avenge yourself. Couldn't you chew gum, for instance?"

"Don't mind me," Miss Kingsley replied good naturedly. "If I objected, I would let you know very soon. I advise you to light your cigar and get at work at your editorials; the foreman will call for copy before you have any."

Matters did not always run on smoothly. A rival newspaper was started across the street, and subscriptions began to drop off. Things looked darker and darker, so that at the close of a day in December Brad Harper went over to Miss Kingsley's desk, and seating himself on the edge asked, "Well, what do you think of it?'

"What do I think of what?" asked Miss Kingsley, tucking her pencil behind her little ear. She was pretty, despite the fact that she wore her hair cropped short.

"Of The Independent and things in general. To tell the truth, Kingsley, I don't see the use in trying to run the concern much longer. There have been precious few subscriptions renewed, and it is almost the first day of January. The outlook is dubious, to say the least."

He pulled his mustache and waited for Miss Kingsley's reply.

She made none, and he went on: "The plain unvarnished truth is that Independent stock is way down. The Banner, across the street, is twice as popular already. The trouble is we run the paper on too high a plane, while The Banner caters to the low taste of the masses. It is nothing but scandal and all uncleanness. The truth is, I have about decided to sell out. I am sorry on your account, however. You have been working on a starvation salary, and now to be thrown out of a position would be hard. Perhaps we would better struggle on a few months longer. Luck may turn."

"Not on my account," said Miss Kingsley quickly. "You have done enough for me already. You took me when I was as ignorant as a goose and let me learn the business. I suppose I shall find another opening after a while."

"Perhaps it would be a good thing for us to go to Chicago," said Harper, after a moment's reflection. "I intend to go as soon as I am well out of this, and if I find anything for you I will send for you. You are bound to succeed, for you have the regular journalistic instinct. I have always seen that."

"I am glad that you think so. It is strange how you took me up. I got it into my head that I could write, and I sent my manuscripts around the country till I was disgusted. Not more than one in 15 was accepted, and I had about decided to drop writing and do housework for a living when I happened to think of asking you for work."

"You never spoke of yourself before," said Harper. "Why did you not? I should have been interested, I know."

"I had nothing to tell. I have been an orphan since I was 10 years old and have knocked about the world since then. As soon as I get settled the order comes to move on."

Harper put out his hand and gave hers a friendly shake. "Yes, yes," he said eagerly, "we must go to Chicago. I feel that I cannot get along without you."

The Independent fell further in disfavor when its editor took sides with the reform party on the temperance question. The editor of the rival paper sided with the popular party and wrote offensive editorials concerning "our esteemed contemporary" and his policy. To these Brad responded in dignified paragraphs and stated a few facts anent The Banner man which cut him keenly because they were strictly true. He hinted to some of his henchmen that if anything should happen to "lay up" the editor of The Independent till the campaign was over it would be the salvation of their cause.

One evening when Brad returned late from the office he was conscious that some one was following him. As he turned to see who his shadow was, he was struck on the head and knocked down. At the same time a shot or two were fired from the opposite side of the street. It was in a lonely part of the town, but a crowd soon gathered, among them a woman whom the men recognized as the assistant editor of The Independent. She seemed to have all the common sense in the crowd. In a moment she dispatched one messenger for a doctor, and another for restoratives, which she applied to the injured man.

Virginia Kingsley, sitting on the curbstone with Brad Harper's head in her lap, knew for the first time her feeling toward him. What she said or did she scarcely knew, but after Brad had been taken to his boarding house and she had time to think it over she was haunted with a fear that she had said something expressive of feelings which were more than platonic.

Miss Kingsley did not nurse Brad. She was too busy running the paper. The Independent suddenly became popular when people saw the girl fighting the battle alone. The woman's column, the fashion notes and the poets' corner were neglected, while Virginia wrestled with the editorials. She kept up her side in the battle with The Banner man, and as she had her views about the assault upon Brad, and did not hesitate to express them, popular favor turned against The Banner and its head, and the sympathy of the town was with The Independent and its editors. The reform party gained the day, and its friends did not hesitate to say that their success was due to The Independent.

Brad was badly injured, and a serious illness was the result of the wound on his head. He pulled through, thanks to his good constitution and the faithful nursing of Mrs. Smart, his landlady.

Virginia did all the work of the paper while Brad was ill, but as soon as he had sufficient strength she began taking her editorials to him for criticism, and before long he was able to dictate to her. It was on one of these instances, when Virginia's pencil was running at its fastest and Brad was dictating an editorial on the silver question, that he stopped and laid his hand on hers. "Wait," he said.

Miss Kingsley held her pencil poised over the paper, thinking that he wished to make some correction.

"Kingsley, you kissed me the night I was hurt."

She turned deadly pale. "Don't," she said. "Oh, don't remember that."

"But I can't forget it. You kissed me and called me 'Brad, darling.' I did not hear any more, for I became unconscious. Now, I should like to know what such a demonstration meant. You cannot sharpen that pencil; your hands are trembling. Give me the knife." Brad went on talking in a steady voice, meanwhile cutting dainty shavings from the pencil. "The pencil was sharp enough if you had let it alone. If you were any one else, I should say you are nervous.

"But to return to that night that you kissed me. You and I were getting along on purely platonic principles, as I supposed. We were pards, in the vernacular of this wild and woolly west, but I never heard of a partner who would hold a man's head in his lap, kiss him and call him 'Brad, darling.' Of course this platonic business is played out; you can see that as well as I. The question is, What is to be done about it?"

Through this long speech Miss Kingsley had been trying to find her voice, and as Brad paused for a reply she said hoarsely:

"I intend to tell you, Mr. Harper, that I shall leave Smoky City as soon as you are able to take the helm again."

Brad felt the tears rush to his eye. "Brute," he called himself, under his breath, but even then he could not resist teasing Miss Kingsley:

"Don't call me Mr. Harper. Can't you think of something more tender? I much prefer 'Brad, darling.'"

He threw down the pencil and knife and tried to take Miss Kingsley's hand, but it was snatched away from him.

"I think it is my turn now. Virginia—let me think of something less formal—Virginia, darling, you are not going away if I have influence with you."

Miss Kingsley rose and gathered up the papers. "I will take these editorials and send over for the others. Mr. Harper, I did as you say I did the night you were hurt; I do not attempt to deny it. I am sorry that I had no more self control. I am surprised, though, that you find so much amusement in throwing my folly in my face."

Brad's face was very grave as he answered. "I am a brute. Virginia Kingsley—I almost said Harper—I love you. I should have said so like a man at first, but was sure that you knew my feeling for you, and I did enjoy teasing you a little. Forgive me! I am going to marry you as soon as I am well, if you will have me."

"You say this because you are sorry for me. You think I love you because I acted so that night, and you are trying to sacrifice yourself to my self respect."

"I would not do that even for you, Kingsley. If you doubt me, go into the next room and find a letter in the left hand desk drawer, addressed to yourself, and notice the date. Please go and find that letter, I beg."

She was gone a long time. At last Brad called out: "Haven't you found it yet? You have been gone long enough to read all my private papers. I suppose you have a right to my secrets now. Oh, Virginia, do come here. I shall come after you unless you hurry."

Miss Kingsley put the letter in the breastpocket of her jacket and buttoned the jacket tightly; then she went into the sitting room.

"Do you believe me now, dear? I found out several weeks ago that the platonic business had come to an end, and we had to begin on a new basis. So let's form a new partnership now. Come here, Kingsley," stretching out his hand. "Kingsley," he pleaded, as she still held aloof, "I hope you don't think that letter a fake. I tell you, on my honor, that I wrote that letter, asking you to marry me the day I was hurt. You believe me?"

"Yes."

"Good girl. If you had received it then, would you have accepted me?"

"Yes," very slowly.

"Then, by all that is aggravating, why don't you take me now?" asked Brad, making frantic efforts to reach her. But she moved away. "Oh, dear, was ever a man so shamefully used? If it were not for that gunshot wound! Don't take such mean advantage of a cripple, Kingsley. Come here, I want to show you about this editorial."

But Miss Kingsley saw danger ahead, and she moved to a more discreet distance.

"Shot or no shot, I shall walk across this floor, Kingsley—oh, confound this leg! Excuse me. Come here, Virginia, like a sensible girl and kiss me. I don't believe you care a row of pins for me. I have proposed to you by letter and by word of mouth. I am a poor lame devil, half sick yet, with all the signs of a relapse coming on, and you won't call me 'Brad, darling,' again."

He rose and cautiously lowered one foot to the floor. "Ow! merciful goodness, what a twinge! Oh, do bring me something; there are salts on that table."

Miss Kingsley, thus thrown off her guard, ran with the smelling salts and applied them to the sufferer's nose. Only for a moment, though, for the salts fell on the floor, and she was held fast.

"It was a mean advantage to take," said Brad a moment later, laughing triumphantly, "but what else could I do? And truly that foot did make me wince a little. Don't try to look so severe, Kingsley. I know you are not half so angry as you try to appear. Now go into the next room again and find a little box in the lower right hand drawer of the desk and bring it to me."

Virginia obeyed and then straightened her hat before the mirror.

"It is scandalously late, nearly noon," she said, "and press day too. I have ever so many galleys of copy here, to say nothing of the editorial which you did not write."

"Bother the paper. Its editors do not became engaged every day. Come here, Kingsley, and let me see how this ring fits."

"He buys a solitaire," she said saucily. "Independent stock must have taken a sudden rise."

"Don't be impertinent, child. It was my mother's ring. She told me to keep it for my wife. I think she would like you, Kingsley. Give me your hand, quick. It is time for my lunch, and I think I hear Mrs. Smart coming. A perfect fit. You ought to kiss me for it."

"Do you see what the clock tells? Where did I put my glasses? Oh, here they are. Good morning, Mr. Harper."

Smoky City has filled the predictions of the most hopeful boomers. It is a thriving city now. The Independent is the leading newspaper, and its editor is a rich man. Mrs. Bradley Harper keeps her carriage, and no longer wears an ink stain on the index finger of her right hand. "Mrs. Harper," her husband calls her very properly in company, but in private he always addresses her as "Kingsley."—Adelaide Rouse in Philadelphia Press.

To Be Determined at Leisure.

A Milwaukee heiress was introduced to a young man the other day and remarked that she did not like the cut of his whiskers. He offered to shave them off if she would marry him, and she immediately consented. As soon as the barber and the minister could get in their deadly work, the twain were made one. There may be a moral in this story for rich maidens or hirsute bachelors, but we don't know where to find it. Those interested, however, may study it out at their leisure.—St. Paul Globe.

Utah's Resources.

Utah has 3,000,000 acres of arable lands, watered by 1,000 miles of canals. One canal, that of Bear river, cost $2,000,000. The irrigated lands produce annually 6,000,000 bushels of grains. There are over 3,000,000 cattle, and the mines in 20 years have produced $150,000,000 in gold and silver.—Exchange.

VENICE OF TODAY.

MODERN LIFE IN THE FAMOUS CITY OF THE DOGES.

Costumes Now and 200 Years Ago—A Constant Fete In the Streets All Day Long. Market Men Discusses Politics Across the Street—Not All Poetry and Romance.

The Venetians themselves do not seem greatly to have changed their character, or their clothes, or their customs of life, from those of old paintings and plays and histories.

In the matter of clothes I refer of course only to the working people. Our seignorial selves have changed from the courtly garments of the Mocenigos and the Foscari sadly for the worse. There was a new play the other night at the Rossini, a clever dramatic scene of the period of the last of the doges, by Count Zugana, a local author and playwright. It was played by the Venetian comedy company of Zago and Privata, well known in Italy. The costuming was extraordinarily good for Italy, good for any country. The details were historically accurate, many councilors' gorgeous gowns and ladies' robes being actually family relics. The inevitable afterpiece of Italian theaters was a farce comedy of today. The same actors and actresses appeared in modern "pants" and dresses, according to the latest fashion of Milan. The contrast was painfully striking.

So much for clothes. For types and characters in Venice today you have only to read Goldoni of nearly 200 years ago, or even earlier writers of comedy, to know them well. The dialect itself is but little changed. Goldoni's comedies are being played nightly in the people's theaters of Venice, as though the author were alive and writing satires upon the present generation of Venetians.

In the narrow streets, the dark little shops, which hug each other closely, side by side, are the same queer, open air sort of bazaars and boutiques of hand workers, unchanged since the first days of the republic. Cheesemongers, cobblers, iron workers at their forge, silversmiths, beaters of brass and copper, money changers and surgeon barbers are all plying their different trades in their windowless shops, almost as though they were in the street itself.

Intermingled fruit, flower and vegetable stalls give gorgeous bits of color to the somber background of the narrow calle, and there is always a strip of heavenly blue, with perhaps a piece of a white cloud, up there between the roofs, to help "compose" the picture, like Paul Veronese's joyous canvases. There is a constant fete going on in the streets all day long. The sound of human voices, scraps of song, the clicking of wooden pattens and the musical tapping of metals furnish a perpetual accompaniment to all of your business and bargaining. The cheeseman discusses politics with the iron worker across the street, all the while he is serving you, and uses his knife to accentuate the gestures of his argument. The price of a capon induces a quarter of an hour's discussion, which includes family news, the latest gossip of the parish, much good humored bantering and a final compromise on the fowl.

Babies and cats play in the middle of the street and look at you with wondering eyes when you step over them. Pretty women pass you, with black shawls over their heads and red stockings beneath their short skirts, and show you graceful heels and insteps at every lift of the foot from their loose pattens. They have a word and a laugh, as they pass, for every shopkeeper and worker. Gondoliers swing by, their hands in their pockets, their hats tilted to one side, their coats thrown gracefully over one shoulder and a rose or a cigarette stuck behind the ear. They cannot help their unconscious grace any more than the dirty brown sails of a fishing boat their picturesque beauty. Every one is laughing, joking, bantering and bargaining. Life is sad enough, and has trouble enough. God knows. Most are poor, and many are suffering. But that is only a greater reason why they should make all the pleasure they can out of it.

The small details of everyday life in Venice retain all their charm of color and romantic association, after you have ceased being a tourist and become a partially settled resident. Your first impressions do not seem to fade, or become spoiled, through familiarity. The most commonplace things you do are tinged with an element of the picturesque and the poetical. The man from whom I buy small wood and coals has a shop which would delight the heart of a Dutch master for a subject. He himself, in it, with his blouse, red waistband, faded brown trousers and his silver white hair, accompanied by his big yellow Syrian cat, would furnish the best figures for the picture without choosing. And his garrulous talk over a bargain is as full of wit as a dialogue in a play.

I do not mean that you live in a constant ecstatic state of poetry and romance. A cook, whose name is Angelina, will sometimes make an omelet too hard, even in an old fifteenth century palace. And even a Lorenzo or an Antonio of a gondolier, with all the picturesqueness of his name and calling, can drink too much new wine on the very day your friends are to arrive.

The everyday doings differ in no great measure from those of modern mortals at home. There is the same business to attend to, and affairs to look after, that there would be at home. Household duties are the same and the pleasures of life are composed of the same ingredients. You go for afternoon promenades, to 5 o'clock teas, dinners, theaters, much the same as you would at home. But the surroundings and attendant circumstances of these functions are what make the color in the modern life of Venice.—Boston Herald.

Both Sides of the Case.

"My prospects!" said the young lawyer with animation, after he had greeted the business man. "Why, sir, they were never so good as they are now. I have been retained in the McWilliger will case, and there is certainly $500 in that. Then I have been asked to act as junior counsel in the Interoceanic railway suit, and there is sure to be a big sum in that. I received a retainer today to take a libel suit, and I have some bills out that I ought to get remittances on in a week or two. Yes, sir, things are booming with me, and inside of 60 days I will be in a better financial condition than ever I was in my life before."

Then he said "good day" to the business man and passed on with the friend who was with him. And the friend thought the matter over and then said:

"See here. That's a very different story from the one you told Bilkins yesterday."

"Of course it is," said the young lawyer.

"You told Bilkins that you were nearly discouraged; that you had hard work getting what was due you, and that new cases that had any money in them were few and far between."

"Exactly. I was afraid Bilkins intended to ask me for a loan."

"But you've just told Wilber that things never looked so promising and that you'd have money to throw to the birds within 60 days."

"Certainly. I expect I'll have to ask him for a loan of $100 or so in a day or two."

"Which story was right?"

"Neither wholly and both partly."—Chicago Post.

Inexpensive Pleasures.

The comparatively cheap pleasures seem to be the best in life generally. There is so little that the very rich can buy for themselves that need stir envy in people who are just comfortably off. Warmth is such a delightful thing in winter, but you and I can get as much as we want of it, and a millionaire can have no more. And then there are so many cheap ordinary things to eat that are just as good as or better than the expensive things. An epicure who lives somewhere in the western part of this state was saying the other day that, having a particular dinner in view, he sent to a judicious man in New York for the best fish that the market offered. They sent him a fresh cod, and he admitted that no fish could be better, and moralized—those are his remarks above—on the comparative cheapness of the fleshly gratifications that were really best, such as potatoes and chickens and fresh air and tea and water, warm and cold. and soap and sleep.

When one considers how good a big 5 cent sandwich tastes when he is really hungry, and what a poor thing a $5 dinner is when he is not, and how little difference there is between good wine and good water when it has once passed one's gullet, and how much of that difference is in favor of the water, it really lends a dangerous charm to economy and simple living, and makes one wonder that thrift is not more catching, and that the delights of avarice should be so generally monopolized by the aged.—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Smiled.

The actors in the drama were one young woman, one ditto man, one mendicant and one dog. Scene—Secluded alley in Central park. Time—Three o'clock p. m. Young woman sauntering through sylvan retreat is insulted by tramp; her scream brings dog, who has stopped to exchange civilities with another canine, to her rescue; he knocks down mendicant and forcibly detains him.

Mendicant, shrieking: "Take him off! Take him off! He's a-killin of me! He's a-crunchin of me bones!"

Young woman laughs heartlessly and mendicant appeals to young man, who has just arrived.

"Help, sor! the brute's eatin of me! The blood's pourin down me leg!"

Young woman fairly shrieks with laughter.

"Call your dog off, miss!" says the young man sternly.

Controlling herself by a supreme effort, the young woman gasps out:

"No! no! You don't understand. The man is not hurt at all."

Young man, indignantly: "Can't I see the dog biting him this instant?"

Young woman, breaking into fresh paroxysms of mirth: "Yes, but the dog—oh, dear!—hasn't a tooth in his head!"—New York Journal.

A Plan That Worked.

"How did you break yourself of the habit of lying in bed till noon?" inquired the man in the white duck trousers.

"I adopted the self cure," replied the man with a wart on his face. "I wrote letters to myself beginning this way: 'You lazy, good for nothing hound, what do you mean by lounging in bed when you ought to be at work like other men? You sneaking, skulking, lubberly, idle, worthless bag of bones, if you've got an ounce of manhood about you, get up!' On my way home at night I would stop at a district telegraph office, leave one of these letters addressed to myself with instructions to have the messenger take it to my house at 7 o'clock in the morning. It was always brought to me on time [This part of the story, we regret to say, throws a cloud of suspicion on the truthfulness of the entire narrative], and I was waked up to receive it. I would open it, read it and roll out. That's the self cure, gentlemen, and all it costs is 10 cents a dose."—Chicago Tribune.

Modern Conveniences.

Little Dick—I could lift our front shutters off the hinges myself. What good is they anyhow?

Little Dot—Oh, they is just for papa to close when it's time for sister's company to go home.—Good News.

BATTLESHIPS OF THE FUTURE.

The Present Marine Engines of War Will Furnish the Model.

The battleship of the future will, like all human contrivances, be of gradual growth, resulting from the adaptation to her use of improvements and discoveries in many branches of science. Under the crucial test of war it may be found that many mistakes have been made. If I should venture to point out one of these, it would be the multiplicity of devices which every branch of physical science has contributed to overcrowd our ships. Not that they do not admirably serve their purpose, but I fear that we, as sailors, are growing to rely upon them and will be lost when the rude shock of battle breaks our electric wires and disarranges the delicate machinery upon which we now depend in a thousand ways.

In the main, however, I venture to think that the battleship of today has a sound reason for all her principal features, and the type will persist. The stability will continue to be carefully protected by vertical armor. Many of the accidents, both in battle and in times of peace, to which great ships are liable, will be diminished by the adoption of liquid fuel. The main battery will be mounted in turrets furnishing complete protection to the guns, and as far as possible to the machinery for their manipulation, and for the supply of ammunition. The secondary battery will be protected in proportion to its importance, while every gun position, with its crew, will be protected against machine and rapid gun fire. The time will never come when we shall cease to demand higher requirements in the battleship. Fortunately, all requirements are interchangeable.

Armor may be substituted for guns, guns for fuel, so that the saving in one direction may at once be utilized in another. The advent of hard surfaced armor will demand that the caliber of the main battery be maintained, for until projectiles of greater strength can be produced, the only way to overcome Harvey armor is to crush it with an overwhelming blow. In addition to this it will undoubtedly be found that all armor under the constantly varying angles of impact in battle will furnish greater protection than is considered possible when judged by the result of normal impact on the proving ground. For this reason again, the larger caliber of the gun must be maintained, and this, in its turn, determines the great size of the battleship of the future, subject to the restrictions which have been indicated.—W. T. Sampson, Captain United States Navy, in North American Review.

Hair and Complexion.

It is often interesting to see the pranks that are played by nature in the matter of hair and complexion. It is not unusual to find a blond complexion with black hair, and I have seen several cases of mismated eyes, one of them blue and the other black. That phenomenon, too, I have seen in cats. Negroes are occasionally found with light patches on their skins, and mulattoes sometimes have patches of clear white. Barnum's leopard child was an illustration of this freak. Cases where the hair whitens irregularly are common enough.

Whistler, the artist and scold, has a little white topknot that he calls his plume, and I met a man in Paris who was black, as to hair, on one side of his head and white on the other, the dividing line running down the middle of his face, so that half of his hair, one eyebrow, one lot of eyelashes, one mustache and the half of his beard were black, the corresponding side being white. Hair of two other colors is also found and I occasionally see a man on Fulton street whose hair is brown except at the back of his neck, where it is black, while a young fellow that I have met has brown hair with little tufts of red sprinkled through it. But the oddest freak in that line that I see is a negro with red wool.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Help to Shopping.

The passion for shopping is a strong one in the breast of the average American woman, and now that the perpetual variety show idea has taken root in this town we are likely to see even more widely developed cases of shopping mania than heretofore. Formerly the time always came when even the most rabid shopper was obliged to go home and rest and change the current of her ideas. Now, when she gets tired after a four hours' struggle at the bargain counters, she can wander into a convenient theater, get a cup of tea for 5 cents, write letters or telegrams, do a little sewing, have the use of powder boxes, hairpins, curling irons and slippers, and rest for as many hours as she wishes in the seclusion of the dressing room set aside for that purpose. Then she can go into the main body of the theater, see as much of the variety show as her fancy craves, and after thus being refreshed mentally and physically go forth again to the conflicts of the bargain counters. Altogether the women's variety theater is likely to have a farreaching effect on future generations of feminine New Yorkers.—New York Sun.

A Tough Back.

Porter—Yes, sir; that man is a hypocrite, if there ever was one. While professing the warmest friendship for me, he was for a whole year stabbing me in the back, and I never knew it.

Irwin—Goodness gracious! What kind of a back have you got?—Grenoble Monthly.

Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor—duly initialed by all my clerks! Oh! dear, what have I done? Actually sent it round to be duly noted without taking the trouble to look at it!—Fliegende Blatter.

THE SWELL DANCERS.

HE TRAINS THE STEPS OF GOTHAM'S FASHIONABLES.

A Talk With the Dancing Master to "the McAllister Set"—The Four Hundred Do Not Dance the German as Ordinary Persons Do, but They Romp Once In Awhile.

Nothing could be more polished than a certain dancing academy in West Fifty-fifth street. The glass doors are like mirrors, the brass trimmings are dazzling, the obsequious darkies shine like oiled mahogany; when you step on the slippery ballroom floor, you instinctively put your hand in your pocket to feel for your insurance policy and, as for the professor, he has the manners of an amalgamated Chesterfield and Turveydrop.

It is here, according to the professor, that the youthful scions of the great and only Four Hundred lightly foot it over the polished floor. The professor talks with beautiful frankness and was so good as to explain to a reporter how the dances of the said Four Hundred differ from those of "the common, awd'n'ry people."

"Not the common people either," the professor hastened to correct himself. "There are no common people in this country. We are all the same here." Nevertheless he continued to refer to "the common people," and his tones were not always flattering. On the other hand, he sort of hobnobbed with the royalty by calling his swellest pupils by their last names minus their first ones or by their first ones minus their last ones. It was hard to tell which method implied the greater intimacy.

"The fashionable dance of New York society," said the professor, "and of course you know that when I speak of 'society' I mean the really swell circles, the McAllister set, as it is called—the fashionable dance in that set is the german. Of course there is sometimes a kind of interregnum before the cotillon begins, and during this period the orchestra plays waltzes and a sort of 'request' programme. Different ones have favorite dances, and this is their chance to get them played."

"Do these real swell people ever dance square dances?"

The professor cast a look of mild scorn in the reporter's direction. It evidently grieved him that such dense ignorance existed even among the common people.

"Oh, no, no!" he said.

"Not even the lanciers?" ventured the reporter quite humbly.

"Oh, well, I do make an exception of the lanciers. I generally have one lanciers among the dances which are given before the cotillon begins. But then," with an airy gesture, "it's not danced as it is by awd'n'ry people. We get 16 couples on the floor in one set and have a regular romp!"

The recollection of society—and it will be remembered that the professor was explicit in telling what he meant by society—engaged in a romp, just like common, awd'n'ry people, though the professor said not, did not seem to disturb that gentleman's equilibrium.

"Society," said the professor, "dances the cotillon, but not as awd'n'ry people dance it. You know there are plenty of people, say in Harlem—though, to be sure, there is very good society in Harlem—who are not accustomed to dancing the german, and when they attempt it they think they must have something elaborate and striking, don't you know, and new. They are new themselves, and perhaps it is natural that they should be on the lookout for novelty elsewhere.

"These are the people who go into an ecstacy over the description of the basket figure. They get their german figures out of a book, you know, not from experience. And they try to dance it. A lot of ladies and gentlemen dance around the room and then join hands in two rings—the ladies form one ring and the gentlemen form one around them. They circle in opposite directions, and then the gentlemen, still holding hands, step under the ladies' joined hands. This brings about a sort of mutual embrace, which is the most uncomfortable thing imaginable. Gowns are crushed and back hair tumbled. Now, you know, they won't have that sort of thing in society."

"Do they blow out candles and spin platters and dance with dummies in society?"

The professor evidently made a great effort to restrain his emotions of scorn and succeeded in keeping a straight, if purple, countenance. He intimated that such forms of entertainment might do for babies and backwoodsmen, but society, even a society which romped, 16 couples strong, through the lanciers, does not recognize such crude capers.

"Oh," said the trainer of aristocratic toes, "I might let the children's classes try the postilion figure, or a football figure, or a baseball figure, but it would never do among older people. That is just the difference between the fashionable people and the awd'n'ry people. The latter want all sorts of extravagant, elaborate dances. Real society wants the simplest figures there are. The regular swell german begins with the "grand chain" figure. First, of course, the couples are all seated and numbered. The music begins, the leader counts off the first eight couples, claps his hands as a signal and off they go in a waltz. Then he claps his hands again, and the 16 dancers select new partners, and there is another waltz. Then they join hands and circle round, there is a grand chain, and at a signal every one takes the nearest partner and again they waltz.

"You see, it's the dancing they want, not monkeying with platters or candles or driving around the room with whip and ribbons. Besides, a leader does not like to be bothered with paraphernalia, so he selects figures which require no accessories. If there are 50 couples in the german, it will take two hours to dance three figures. So you see there isn't any opportunity for a great variety."—New York Sun.

COYOTES HUNTING FOR BREAKFAST.

Relieving Each Other In the Chase After Fleet Footed Jack Rabbits.

"Did you ever see a pack of coyotes a-rustlin for grub?" asked an old miner of a reporter. "I've lived on the desert for nigh onto 30 years," he resumed, "and seed many a queer sight, but coyotes a-rustlin for grub beats them all. Them animals are as well trained as any body of soldiers ever was under Gineral Grant. They elect a captain, whether by drawing straws or by ballot I don't recollect off hand. Just at daylight a reveille calls the pack together, and they come yelpin and howlin over the desert like a lot of things possessed, their appetites sharpened by the crisp air and eager for their reg'lar diet of jerked rabbit meat. The avant couriers sniff around among the sagebrush and greasewood, while the rest of the band form into a big circle, sometimes spreadin out on the plain over a radius of two or three miles. The couriers head a jack rabbit in the circle, and the coyote nearest takes up the chase.

"You know a jack rabbit can run 10 times faster than a coyote, and when the one in pursuit gets tuckered out the next one takes up the chase, and so on till the jack falls down dead from exhaustion. Then the whole pack leap onto him, their jaws snappin like sheepblades in shearin time. Then, when the jack is disposed of, another reveille is sounded, and the pack again form into a circle, and the circus is kept up until every one of the yelpin yeller divils has satisfied his appetite, sometimes killin hundreds of jacks and cottontails fur one meal, fur a coyote can eat a jack as big as himself and then look as if he was clean starved to death. I was clean through the late unpleasantness with Gineral Grant, and I know what scientific generalin is, and them coyotes know as much as any soldiers that ever lived about army tactics. The commander in chief is usually the oldest coyote in the pack, and he sits on a knoll where he can give orders to his lieutenants and aids, and what they don't know about ambuscades, maneuverin and field tactics ginerally ain't worth knowin."—Moreno (Cal.) Indicator.

Firing a Rocket.

One night the Royal Arch lay in the Downs, the great roadstead, protected by the natural breakwater of the dreaded Goodwin sands. An easterly gale caused the ship to drag her anchors, and she was in danger of striking the surf beaten shore. Blue lights were burned on board as signals of distress, and in the absence of the captain, who was on shore, one of the mates decided to fire a rocket.

He had never fired a rocket, and there was no rocket stand at hand. But he was an Irishman and, as is the way of his countrymen, never hesitated to undertake anything from doubt of his ability to do it. He determined to let the rocket off through the iron chimney of the ship's galley or cooking house.

As the sea was rolling over the deck and washing through the galley it was only by great efforts that the mate fastened the rocket in the chimney. To do this he had removed the rocket from its stick and fastened it upside down. The rocket, being upside down, failed to go off when the mate applied a lighted match to the lower end. Then he tried the uppermost end.

"The explosion," said an English sailor on board, "blowed him clean hout of the galley into the lee scuppers. He kept shouting like 40 blue murders: 'I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!' "

The Deal lifeboat placed a crew on board the drifting ship, and they slipped her cables, put her before the gale and brought her safe to Cowes.—Youth's Companion.

The Forgetmenot.

Everybody knows the pretty little forgetmenot and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube, when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river, and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!" ("Forget me not"). And ever since the flower has been looked upon as the emblem of fidelity.—Philadelphia Times.

Choked by a Billiard Ball.

A singular fatality occurred at a public house in Soho, London. Some men were in the billiard room, when one of them attempted to get a billiard ball into his mouth. This feat he had previously accomplished and had successfully removed the ball. This time, however, he failed to extract it, and it became fixed in his throat. A cab was immediately fetched, but while being removed to the hospital the unfortunate fellow expired.—London Truth.

Will Lend a Helping Hand.

Mrs. Julia B. Nelson, president of the Minnesota Woman Suffrage association, will give a month's lecturing free of charge during the campaign for the woman suffrage amendment in Kansas. She has been sowing the good seed in Minnesota broadcast for years, with voice and pen, largely at her own expense.—Minneapolis Exchange.

The Year 1900.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year simply because, being a hundredth year, although it is divisible by four, it is not divisible by 400 without a remainder. This is not the real reason, but a result of it, the real reason being the establishment of the Gregorian rule made in 1582.—Boston Home Journal.

Talking Canary Birds.

The story of the talking canary, which attracted much attention, has brought out other instances of an acquired power of speech in the same bird. In the organ of the Selborne society, where the story originally appeared, there are some further cases given, and probably many more may be yet forthcoming. Attention has been directed to an account of a talking canary at Norwood which was published in a natural history magazine for 1858. It began by repeating a word which its mistress had often used to it—"Kissie, kissie"—and by following the word up by an imitation of the sound of a kiss. Its mistress had been in the habit of kissing the bird and talking to it as if it were a child. After a time the bird repeated other words, until it had a large vocabulary of phrases, one of which consisted of five words.

Again, in 1863, a talking canary was heard and seen at a cottage near Bath. Visitors crowded to the spot to hear and see it. Its vocabulary consisted of such phrases as are generally taught to parrots. A case is also recorded of a speaking canary having been exhibited in Regent street about 20 years ago. The explanation given is that the bird is gifted with unusual powers of imitation and will pick up airs freely which it is in the habit of frequently hearing. Left to itself, it quickly imitates the notes of other birds, and in Germany and the Tyrol canaries are usually placed for this purpose beside the nightingale. In our own country they are often taught to imitate the lark. The words which it imitates may be regarded as a mere development or variant of its musical notes.—Liverpool Mercury.

Highland and Lowland Scotch.

There is hardly a question as to the very incongruous difference between the characteristics of the highland and the lowland Scotch. James Bonwick, author of "Who Are the Scotch?" asserts that the highlanders are not a Gaelic race, but that they are a miscellaneous mixture of outcast Irish, rebel Northmen, banished Saxons, conspiring Northumbrians, restless Lothianers, unyielding Normans, intriguing barons, hunted freebooters, decayed gentlemen and loafers of all orders. He shows that the highland clans or tribes are, most of them, of comparatively recent origin, and that even Bishop Leslie, in 1578, has no mention whatever of the distinction into tartans.

Bonwick's book, when it appeared, made considerable sensation, as he was very severe in his criticism on such works as the dandy "Vestiarium Scoticum," which gave accounts and even pictures of the tartans of border tribes who never wore tartans or kilts. Sir Walter Scott thought he had traced the work to the counter of one of the great clan tartan warehouses in Edinburgh. What strikes one most in the books and articles which have dealt with highland subjects and clans is the suggested origins beyond which the most careful student fails to reach. The world is under obligations to the legends and traditions of the clans for much very engaging romance and poetry, in consideration of which perhaps we should not be too exacting upon history for origins.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Pretty Result.

A beautiful artistic result is achieved by a recently invented method of enlarging stereopscopic pictures, one that solves the problem of placing upon the screen a pair of ordinary stereoscopic pictures in such a manner that while the right eye can only see the right hand picture, and the left eye the left hand picture, the two shall yet be combined and conveyed to the brain as one. In solving this problem, according to an English artist, the pictures on the screen are in full perspective, the various objects forming them standing out as if possessed of three dimensions and appearing in their correct relative planes.

A pair of ordinary stereoscopic transparencies are superposed on the screen as nearly as possible—the pictures not being identical, a perfect registration cannot be obtained—and the light from each picture is polarized, one vertically and the other horizontally, the combined picture being viewed through an analyzer similar to a small opera glass. This analyzer is so constructed that while the right eye can only see the image portrayed in horizontally polarized light the left eye can see only that in vertically polarized light. An important feature, in view of the fact that polarized light is apt to be broken up, is the facing of the screen with dull or matt silver, a long series of experiments having proved this to be the best material.—New York Sun.

A Venice Industry.

Venice owes the accumulation of great wealth from a new industry to one of her natives named Joquin. It was in the year 1656 that he observed that the scales of a fish called the bleakfish possessed the property of giving a milky hue to water. After experimenting with it he discovered that when beads were dipped into it and then dried they assumed the appearance of pearls. This covering, however, was easily worn away, and successive experiments led to the manufacture of hollow glass beads, all blown separately, then polished in revolving cylinders and finally coated inside with the pearly liquid, the latter being protected with wax. This branch of industry is carried on in Venice to this day.—Philadelphia Press.

Neatly Turned.

A Frenchman's gallantry to ladies is always equal to an emergency. At a party a gentleman of that race stepped heavily upon the toe of a lady, who looked up with an angry frown.

"Pardon, madame," he said, bowing low, "but I have forgot to bring my microscope."

"Your miscroscope?"

"But, yes; for to see ze leetle feet of madame."—London Tit-Bits.

OLD CHRISTMAS SONGS.

Familiar but Reverent Treatment of the Sacred—Words of a Simple Folk.

For the most part the old songs speak with the voice of poverty appealing to wealth, and so it is not strange that Christ's humble birth should be dwelt upon. On that ground at least the supplicants seem to feel their nearness to the Man of Sorrows who had nowhere to lay his head. The ever recurring plea to the rich to give alms of their goods—"gifts of the day's gladness"—is a reminder of the one who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The familiarity with which sacred things are touched is not irreverence, but rather the innocent freedom of the child to whom God seems a kind father and Jesus a gentle elder brother.

The holy names are almost always coupled with some adjective expressive of affection—"sweet Jesus," "Mary mild"—and the pretty Cornish carol tells how the Virgin was called Modryb Marya, "our dear Aunt Mary," by the people on the Tamar side. The honest Christian must often feel inclined to avert his face from the asperities, controversies and persecutions of warring creeds, but in these strains that survive from an age that is past we find only the loving and tender side of religion—the words of a simple folk who were not afraid to creep close to the Father's knee and lay hold upon his robe.

In many of these old songs the good cheer peculiar to the day is dwelt upon, with a frank delight which reminds one of the child's "innocent joy of anything sweet in the mouth." Thus runs one exultant strain:

O you merry, merry souls,
Christmas is a-coming.
We shall have flowing bowls,
Dancing, piping, mumming.

The materialistic bard waxed enthusiastic over

The larders full of beef and pork,
The garners filled with corn,

and each stanza of one of the carols winds up with the appetizing burden, "Plum pudding, goose, capon, mince pie and roast beef." Father Christmas was esteemed as "entering like a man," when "armed with spit and dripping-pan." After a year of hard work and hard living the poor folk looked forward to a lavish feast, and it is small wonder that their minds dwelt chiefly upon such dainties as

Delicate minced pies
To feast every virgin;
Capon and goose, likewise
Brawn and a dish of sturgeon.

From Sedding's "Ancient Christmas Carols" is taken "Masters, In This Hall"—one of the quaintest and most pleasing of the lays that were sung by the Yuletide minstrels in the days of old:

To Bethlehem did they go, the shepherds three,
To Bethlehem did they go, to see whe'r it were
so or no,
Whether Christ was born or no,
To set men free.
Masters, in this hall,
Hear ye news today
Brought over sea,
And ever I you pray,
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell!
Sing we clear;
Holpen are all folk on earth
By God's Son so dear.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When Christ Was Born.

Now, it happened when the Saviour was born that certain wise men in the far east had seen a star.

They knew the meaning of the light, and they repaired on camels across the desert to the city of Jerusalem.

Arriving at the court of Herod they inquired, saying: "Where is he that is born king of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him?"

Herod was sorely troubled by this question, and he asked of the wise men where this ruler was born.

"And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judæa; for thus it is written by the prophet.

"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah are not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Herod was wroth and jealous of this new monarch, who seemed to be destined to overthrow him.

He told the wise men to go on to Bethlehem, and after they had found the Saviour to return to him with the news of his whereabouts.

Guided by the star, which had gone before them for many weeks, they arrived at the little home where the Saviour was dwelling.

They fell upon their knees and worshiped him, and when they had opened their treasures they presented him with gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Hence it is that every year in the beautiful Christmastide the parents give presents to their children in celebration of the Saviour's birth.

Christmas Pleasantries.

Lord Henry Bentinck, though he was shortsighted and had to wear glasses, was an admirable rider and a most popular master of hounds. It was he who inquired from a rash cavalier who was overriding his hounds, "May I ask, sir, do you smell the fox?" and who said to a large landed proprietor suspected of vulpecidal acts, on his remarking that he regarded a particular wood as quite a seminary for foxes, "I think, general, you mean cemetery."

Spending Christmas with a friend, Lord Henry was asked at luncheon by the rector after service in a church which had been profusely adorned with evergreens, but in which the congregation had been small, what he thought of the decorations. "I thought," he replied, "that there was plenty of cover, but very little game."—San Francisco Argonaut.

An English Christmastide Custom.

In Staffordshire, England, the children when hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve repeat the following rhyme addressed to the good fairy of Christmas, believing that it will infallibly insure the bringing of whatever gift they most desire:

Christmas fay of Christmas day,
Let me wish what wish I may,
If I think, with love, of you
You will make my wish come true.

CALIFORNIA
IN
3½ DAYS
FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208
CLARK ST.
CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.
CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.

State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.

State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.

County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.

County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Bede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreen, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E P O'Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Tres. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 [illegible]; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Mich'l Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 33—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3336 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnes, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Boey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

President, J H Carmody, 223 Laflin st; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J B Wilmot, 416 E Superior st; Fin Sec, L A Yore; Treas, P J Kennedy; Knight Commander, M J O'Brien; V-Kt Comdr, John Tobin; Sergt-at-Arms, John Cody. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P J Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Sheil, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Gerrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtin, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 435 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2d and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western [illegible]—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, [illegible], 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schacter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph [illegible], 859 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4739 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 138 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1137 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 465 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3808 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at [illegible] Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3840 Ashland av; F S, Thos [illegible]; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, Jr, 102 [illegible] st; R S, John Schommer, 238 W [illegible]; F S, Joseph Helmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

[illegible] No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 43 [illegible] st; R S, A P [illegible], 252 E Division st; F S, [illegible] Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No [illegible]—C R, [illegible] Bonfield st; R S, [illegible] Hastig, [illegible]; F S, J P Green [illegible] 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and [illegible] sts.

The First National Bank
OF CHICAGO.

Statement of Condition Dec. 19, 1893.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$15,828,688.17
Bank building and other real estate		675,000.00
U. S. bonds (par value)		118,350.00
Other bonds		1,250,907.90
Premiums paid		8,129.40
CASH RESOURCES:		
Due from banks (Eastern Exchange)	$2,937,289.63	
Checks for Clearing House	1,547,894.96	
Cash on hand	13,291,780.68	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	47,250.00	17,824,215.27
		$35,705,290.74

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	3,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	689,949.61
Deposits	29,015,341.13
	$35,705,290.74

OFFICERS:

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

S. M. NICKERSON, NORMAN B. REAM,
F. D. GRAY, L. J. GAGE,
R. C. NICKERSON, S. W. ALLERTON,
A. A. CARPENTER, NELSON MORRIS,
E. F. LAWRENCE, EUGENE S. PIKE,
JAMES B. FORGAN.

J. J. O'DONOHUE,
Dealer in
Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.
118 ERIE-ST., Cor. Market, CHICAGO.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,
Wholesale Cigars.
Sole Proprietors of
LA CARINA,
Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.
OFFICE, 2931 VERNON AVE.
CHICAGO.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

[illegible]EXTON [illegible] TEA MAN
[illegible] STATE STREET.
Branches [illegible] CHICAGO AV.
[illegible] BLUE ISLAND AV.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company
207 S. CANAL-ST., CHICAGO.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental Glass, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership heretofore existing between Adolph Schwerin, Leopold Pincoffs and John Silha (said firm being engaged in the business of manufacturing clothing) is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Leopold Pincoffs succeeding to said business, and to whom all accounts due said firm should be paid, and who assumes all indebtedness. John Silha and Adolph Schwerin withdrawing from said firm.

(Signed) ADOLPH SCHWERIN,
LEOPOLD PINCOFFS,
JOHN SILHA.

Chicago, December 23 A. D. 1893.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Rosa Elliott vs. Harrison Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott. In Chancery. No. 124,428.

Notice is hereby given to the said Harrison Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott, that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the December Term A. D. 1893. The Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, &c., vs. Bridget Drennen and the unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased. In Chancery. No. 124,017.

Notice is hereby given to the said The unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF GEORGE L. Ritzhaupt, debtor. The undersigned hereby gives notice, that George L. Ritzhaupt of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, did, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 189[illegible], transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said George L. Ritzhaupt are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Rooms 25 and 27, 81 S. Clark-st., in said County, within three months from this date.

Dated Nov. 18, 1893.

AUGUST METTE, Assignee.

John McKeough, Attorney.

19TH MILITARY RECEPTION AND BALL
GIVEN BY
First Battalion, Co.'s A, B, C and D,
CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,
TO BE HELD AT UHLICH'S NORTH AND SOUTH HALLS.
27 AND 29 N. CLARK STREET,
ON SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13, 1894.

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS,
ADMITTING GENT AND LADIES.

READ
"THE CITIZEN"
Published and Edited by
JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

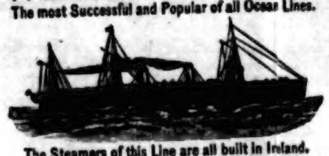
M'AVOY BREWING COMPANY,
2349 South Park Av.

Pure Lager Beer.
Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.
TELEPHONE SOUTH 257

5 DAYS 16 HOURS 31 MIN.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 18 hours, 8 min.	TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 56 min.	GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.
ADRIATIC.	

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch-Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

5 14 24

AMERICAN LINE
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.
THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London.
No transfer by tender — No tidal delays.
Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.
Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ
Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.

The Oldest Savings Bank in Chicago. EST'D OCT. 2 1867
Hibernian
BANKING ASSOCIATION
Savings Bank

CLARK, N. E. COR. RANDOLPH

Transacts a General Banking Business.

DEPOSITS of $1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed thereon

DEPOSITORS may arrange for their families to draw money in their absence.

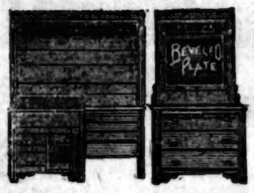
MARRIED WOMEN may deposit in their own names, subject to their order only.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE. Drafts on the Bank of Ireland and its branches of £1 and upwards.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturday, 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m.

SHOURDS & KASPER,
STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.
Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860. Open Evenings

CHICAGO FURNITURE CO.
FURNITURE CARPETS STOVES ETC
237 & 239 S HALSTED ST.
Bet Harrison & Congress St.



$12.50.
BEVELED PLATE
$12.50.

Cash or Easy Payments.
All Household Goods.
237 & 239 SOUTH HALSTED ST.
OPEN EVENINGS.

Have You Seen
The New
"Donahoe's Magazine?"
The Great Series of Articles
"Thirty Years of Ireland's Battle,"
By John F. Finerty,
NOW RUNNING.

"THE NEW DONAHOE'S is the Broadest and Brainiest Religious Periodical in America," says the New York *Recorder.* Ask your Newsdealer about it. Subscription $2.00 a year. Home office, 611 Washington-st., Boston, Mass.

CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,
Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON STREET.
OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

All Records Broken:
5d. 12h. 7m.
BY

The Old Reliable
CUNARD LINE
ESTABLISHED 1840

"Campania"
"Lucania"
The New Twin Screw Steamships.
620 ft Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 Horse-Power.

Positively the Largest and Most Magnificent Steamers in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

and others, averaging over 510 feet long, 7,000 tons, and 14,000 horse-power; the whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

Two and three sailings weekly (including Boston Steamers), forming a service unequalled by any line now in existence.

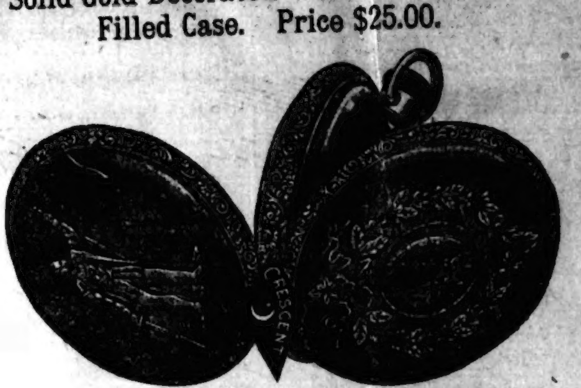
Tickets to and from all the principal English, Irish and Scotch ports, at rates as low as by any first-class passenger line.

The character, record, and general reputation of this Line for Safety, Comfort, and Speed—having never lost a passenger during the 5[illegible] years of its existence, needs no comment.

Fastest time: 5 days, 12 hours, 7 minutes.

F. G. WHITING,
Manager West. Dep't,
131 Randolph-St., Chicago.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.



No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

P. H. Heffron.
RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)
WHISKIES
IN BOND OR TAX PAID
IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS
74 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

COOKE
Brewing Co.,
Foot of 27th St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer

Telephone 8298.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST
BREWING COMPANY'S
BOTTLED BEER.
Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS
HERMAN PABST, Manager.
Sold Everywhere. Try It.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHolic man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay St., New York.

[illegible] M. J. NAGHTEN.
John Naghten & Co,
AGENTS
VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF RICHMOND, VA.
181 LaSalle-st, Chicago
Telephone 523.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,
TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO ILL.

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER
PILSENER BEER.